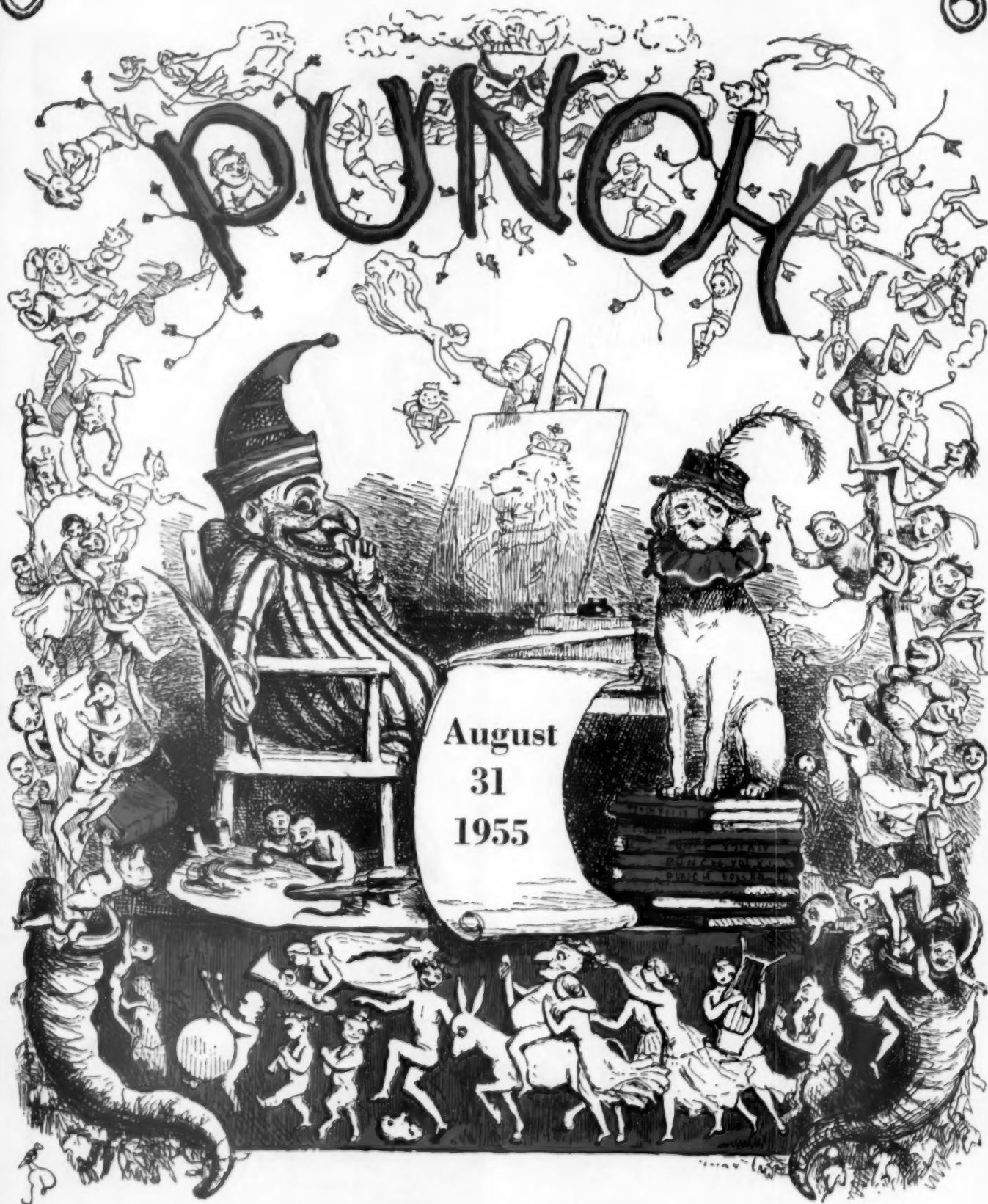
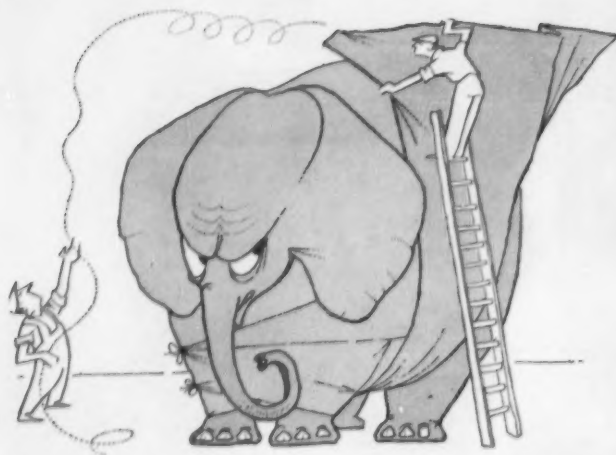


6^d

PUNCH or The London Charivari—August 31 1955

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4.



Have you ever bought an elephant?

If so, you will appreciate the difficulty of wrapping it with any degree of neatness and efficiency.

The next time you are perched on the tusks of a similar dilemma, we strongly advise you to get in touch with the House of Bemrose.

We provide printed wrappers (waxed, heat-sealed, colourful or discreet, as you will) for almost anything, and although we have not yet been called upon to deal with elephantine contents, we claim that the solution would not be beyond the ingenuity of our specialists and craftsmen.

For all your wrapping problems, consult

BEMROSE & SONS LTD

MIDLAND PLACE
DERBY (49291)

AFRICA HOUSE
KINGSWAY
LONDON W.C.2
(HOLborn 8871)

We also take pride in our advertising calendars and diaries, catalogues and commemoration booklets.



By Royal Command

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch

BLACK AND WHITE

cigarettes for Virginia smokers

25 for 5/5

**Also BLACK AND WHITE
SMOKING MIXTURE**

2 oz. tin 9/6



*Medico going in
search of a Mackeson*

Are you a Mackeson type?

Matrons and miners, masons and midwives, match-winners, middlemen and ME — we're all Mackeson types. We've tried Mackeson. We've *tasted the difference*. As your medical adviser, I advise you to do the same. It's harder to describe it than to prescribe it. But much good it will do you. Sorry, you can't get it on a National Health prescription.

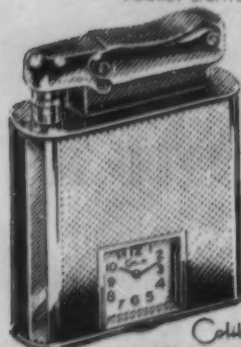
Mackeson is a stout with a unique smoothness (and it is a strong stout). All who try Mackeson know this—and feel all the better for it. And every bottle of Mackeson has been brewed to ensure that this wonderful quality comes to your palate in perfect condition, wherever, whenever you drink it.



TRY IT—AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!



Calibri
POCKET LIGHTER



Calibri
WATCH-LIGHTER

Calibri MONOPOL is a precision made lighter, with a Patented fully automatic action.

★
Calibri MONOPOL was designed to meet the demand for a really reliable automatic lighter.

★
Calibri Lighters are produced as table models (for the home or office), as pocket models and in the combinations: Lighter/Cigarette Case, Watch/Lighter (Swiss jewelled lever movement).

★
Calibri Lighters are available gold and sterling silver mounted (Hall marked), gold or silver-plated, enamelled and in other exclusive fine finishes from £24 to 32/6 with a written guarantee.

★
Calibri Sales and Service exist in 70 countries!

★
Calibri Products are obtainable wherever lighters are sold with pride. Full details, with the name and address of your local stockist, will be gladly supplied on request.

Calibri MONOPOL
In a class beyond compare!

COLIBRI LIGHTERS LTD., 69/70 WARREN STREET, LONDON, W.1.



A gracious welcome to your guests

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle

Also Magnums 40/-

Firestone

Experience Counts —

27 Factories throughout the world.
Firestone total sales exceed
£1,000,000 per day.

SPECIALLY DESIGNED TYRES FOR EVERY MOTORING NEED

DE LUXE and SUPER BALLOON

These tyres have long been recognised by wise motorists as offering the finest value-for-money. They provide all-round safety with comfort, and give long, silent service on the highway.

Town & Country ALL SEASON

For rear wheels, giving non-skid safety on wet, slippery roads, and maximum grip in mud. Smooth riding, and quiet. Long, trouble-free mileage.

★ TUBELESS OR TUBED

★
Firestone Tubeless Tyres have been proved in service since 1951 and production today exceeds 1,500,000 per month.

Firestone TYRES — consistently good



There is excitement, exhilaration, in the lift and thrust of jet flying. There is also a deep and lasting satisfaction, known only to those who fly. Ask these men to describe it and words fail. Ask them to give it up and they worry. For once you have shared the tranquillity of that new world above the clouds, you cannot easily forgo it.

Future perfect...

in which a young man will have satisfied his need for action and will be enjoying the security of a well-paid career

Many young men dream of joining this brotherhood of flight. They sense the magic. They see that the future of mankind lies in the air and want to help fashion that future.

These men can realise their dream. They have within their grasp the chance of a lifetime of exciting and satisfying work. With the Royal Air Force, pilots and navigators fly often. They fly far afield. And they manage some of the finest machines in the world: Canberra, Valiant, Hunter — these names are but the prelude.

"But there's more to a life than flying" you may say. The Royal Air Force knows this and has planned accordingly.

FLYING PLUS

Aircrew do much more than fly. They are often seconded for important work in Britain and abroad. Training others, international liaison, scientific exploration — these are but a few of the diverse and important missions to come the way of aircrew personnel. And the new Direct Commission scheme provides the opportunity to make the Royal Air Force a career. You can join, as an officer, with the certainty of a continuing and satisfying job until you retire with a pension. Or you can

choose, if you wish, a twelve year commission, with the option of returning to civilian life after eight years. In this case you return with a handsome tax-free gratuity, far more than you are likely to save in a similar time in any other profession. Pay, as you rise in the service, is equally realistic. A Flight-Lieutenant of 25, drawing full allowances, can now earn more than a thousand a year.

Sporting facilities in the R.A.F. are good and convenient and there is leisure to enjoy them. Travel, too, is routine, accepted and enjoyed as one of the perquisites of a vital job. It is right that this should be so. These men are our first line of defence. They are the heirs of "the few".

HOW TO FLY WITH THE R.A.F.

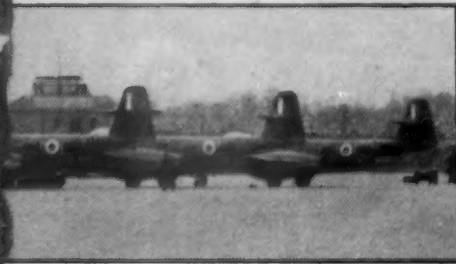
Because their opportunities are great and their work important, standard of entry for aircrew is very high. Education to at least the level of the General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate or their equivalents, perfect physical health, aptitude as well as enthusiasm for flying — to these must be added the ability and personality to lead others. You must also be between 17½ and 26. If you have these qualifications, you have the chance of a career that is both rewarding and worthwhile.

Write at once for further details of the schemes of entry and for an interesting, informative booklet on flying with the R.A.F. to the Air Ministry, (PU. 302), Admiralty House, London, W.C.1. State date of birth and educational qualifications.



Responsibility... and relaxation

Linked with duties that demand your utmost, come sporting opportunities of the greatest scope. Winter sports, ice-yachting, gliding — these are well within your means.



The Royal Air Force *Flying ...and a career*

Their thoughts in the sky. Their feet on the ground.
Aircrew blend courage with careful skill.

SOUND & PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS *which do not depreciate!*

ANY SUM UP TO £5000 ACCEPTED IN

$3\frac{0}{0}$ PAID UP SHARES | TAX PAID = $£5.4.4\frac{0}{0}$ GROSS

$2\frac{10}{2}$ DEPOSITS | TAX PAID = $£4.7.0\frac{0}{0}$ GROSS

ALL INTEREST ON DAY TO DAY BASIS

There is no safer form of investment today than that provided by a well-established Building Society. The "NORWICH" affords an excellent medium for the prudent investor who seeks above all, security of capital, yet desires a reasonable and consistent return. All investments are secured by First Mortgages advanced on carefully valued properties throughout the country, thus affording a full "spread over" of solid security enjoyed by Shareholders and Depositors alike. Facilities are also available for small regular savings in the monthly Subscription Shares ($3\frac{1}{2}\%$ net) or the Home Safe Department ($2\frac{1}{2}\%$ net).

SEND TODAY

for easy-to-understand literature without obligation.

R. Lister Smith,
F.B.S., F.C.C.S.,
A.S.A.A.
Gen. Manager.



NORWICH BUILDING SOCIETY

ST. ANDREW'S HOUSE, NORWICH

Telephone: 21367

INVEST IN SECURITY • ASSETS EXCEED £10,250,000

alchemy in alcohol



COLD

Rum is a magic drink.

Whatever the circumstance,

Gold Label will impart its blessing. If you're HOT, try it in iced coffee.

Or COLD? Hot Lemon

and "two fingers"

of Gold Label will be

the answer. SAD? Then

Rum will evolve a philosophy

to dispel your gloom. But,

happiest of all, if you're GLAD, Gold

Label Rum will rejoice with you, making

"good" even better.



HOT



GLOOMY



HAPPY

SIEGERT
GOLD LABEL
RUM

The 'right spirit' for every occasion

There are many uses for

COSELEY

BUILDINGS



The design of Coseley Standard Steel Framed buildings ensures the choice of an almost infinite variety of sizes and uses which, once selected, can be supplied and erected in a remarkably short time.

• **THE COSELEY ENGINEERING CO. LTD.**
• **L A N E S F I E L D**
• **W O L V E R H A M P T O N**
• LONDON OFFICE: 27 OLD BOND STREET, W.1. Tel.: GRD 3626-7-9

Punch, August 31 1955

Tranquillity

This reproduction is from an original Watercolour by S. Agnew Mercer, F.R.S.A., whose work adorns the walls of Famous Buildings in Great Britain, and the sketch is one of a series of twelve.



The

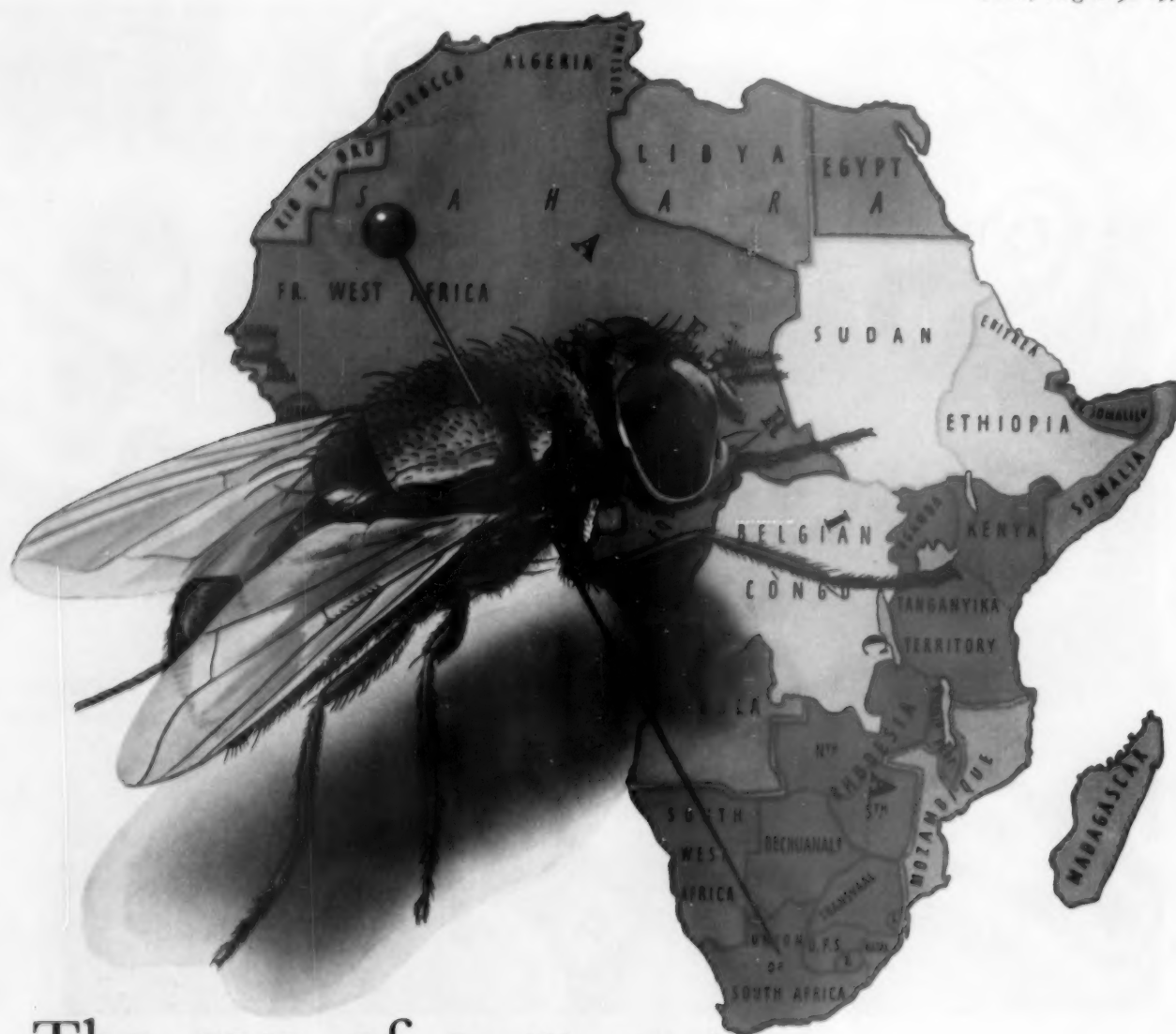
A "Valusta" SHIRT

For Long and Pleasurable Service

The romantic village of Ballintoy, lying on the unspoilt Antrim coastline, possesses the undisturbed calm and peaceful serenity typified in this tranquil scene. Nestling as it does up to the Irish Sea, it is caressed and coloured by its uninhabited stretch of virgin sands.

The creators of Valusta Shirts are masters of the technique of shirtmaking, with over half a century's experience. These shirts are exquisitely made by craftsmen from the finest sea island poplin and exclusive shirtings. Here is real comfort and elegance from the House of Valentine Stubbs. Valusta Shirts will be found everywhere, as the foundation of the well-dressed gentleman.

A. Valentine Stubbs Ltd., Empire Factory, Royston, Yorkshire.



The case of *Lucilia cuprina*...

Ever since man first herded sheep, blowfly 'strike' has been one of the deadliest menaces to the health of the flock. Blowflies deposit their eggs on the fleece and within a few hours maggots are eating into the flesh. Unless quick action is taken a valuable animal may meet an unpleasant death.

In recent years insecticides have been used with increasing effect to prevent blowfly attacks. Today, over the vast sheep rearing areas of the South African veldt, shepherds use dieldrin to protect their flocks from the locally dominant blowfly *L. cuprina*. Dieldrin, developed by Shell, is so persistent that one spraying, harmless to the sheep, gives full protection for 3 months, or longer. Grubs hatching from eggs laid on the fleece die before they can penetrate the skin.

Where dieldrin guards the flock, the constant watch for blowfly is unnecessary, and a major source of loss to the sheep farmer is eliminated.

Dieldrin is one of the newer Shell insecticides, effective against a very wide range of insect pests which attack crops or spread disease. Its exceptional persistence, lower kill and lower dosages are now in the service of agriculture and public health throughout the world.

Aldrin — another recent Shell development — is fast becoming recognised as the best of all insecticides for the control of pests in the soil.

Is there an urgent pest problem in your area?

dieldrin

dieldrin and aldrin are



insecticides for world-wide use

For further information apply to your Shell Company

Issued by The Shell Petroleum Company Limited, London, E.C.3, England.

MAN WITH MILLIONS ON HIS MIND...



COMMODORE G. C. FORREST, R.D., R.N.R., Commander of the P & O Steamship, Arcadia

You have, under your feet, six and three-quarter million pounds worth of hull, deck, fittings and all that makes a ship—and you've got to know how every section of it works. You have fourteen hundred passengers ... seven hundred staff ... three thousand dead weight tons of costly cargo in your care. Storm approaching? That's your worry. Temperature in No. 5 Hold too high? That's your responsibility. Do you sail at noon and risk the tide, or wait eleven hours and burn an extra 140 tons of oil? What shall we do with the stateless stowaway? It's up to you.

Whenever there's a change of course, a fog or rough weather you must be on the bridge—for days if necessary. You've no one you can turn to, and very little time for turning in. You are Commodore G. C. Forrest, R.D., R.N.R., Commanding the P & O Steamship, ARCADIA ... a man with millions on his mind ... a vital link in P & O. And P & O is a Commonwealth lifeline.

Operating from 122 Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3., the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company links Britain and Britain with the Mediterranean, Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Australia, Malaya and the Far East.



THE DISTILLERS CO. LTD.

The following is an excerpt from the Chairman's Statement issued with the Report by the Directors and Accounts for year ended 31st March 1955:—

As you will observe from the detailed reports of the various divisions, the year has been an active one, and you will see from the Accounts that the trading profit, after depreciation, for the year ended 31st March, 1955 is much the same as last year at £18,069,073, constituting a very satisfactory achievement. But for the lower profits shown by our Scotch Whisky Blending Companies, this would have been higher. There was, however, an appreciable reduction in these by comparison with last year, in spite of the fact that sales actually showed a marked increase, particularly exports, and thus from the national point of view, our dollar earnings and other currency receipts were higher. It should be made clear, however, that we are exhausting the whiskies laid down before the war and are moving into a higher cost range of whiskies produced after the war. This is bound to reflect itself in our profits, although if, as we hope, the strong sales position is maintained, the effect should be largely offset as the result of increased sales. A further factor, of particular significance in the accounts now before you, is that in order to increase our sales beyond the limits imposed by the quantity of matured whisky available at this stage from our own stocks, we have purchased quite substantial quantities of whisky in the open market. The relatively high price of these purchases has, to an appreciable extent, been charged in the accounts now under review.

Income from Trade Investments is considerably higher than last year, at £431,517, mainly owing to the receipt of a dividend for the first time on our investment in British Petroleum Chemicals Limited. Interest payable on loan capital is lower at £556,995, so that our net profit before taxation amounted to £17,956,109, compared with £17,632,289 for the previous year. Taxation absorbs £9,451,347, and of the balance remaining £631,353 is attributable to other shareholders in certain Subsidiary Companies.

The net profit attributable to the Group is accordingly £7,873,409 compared with £7,316,549 last year.

Our capital investment programme has been heavy, but although major projects are only adopted after careful assessment of their value to the Company as well as to the national interest, such developments are perforce regulated by the extent of our current liquid resources. Taxation in various forms still takes too high a toll of industry's earnings to enable opportunities to be seized at the rate our expanding economy demands, and your Directors are therefore faced with a difficult task each year in deciding how much of the Company's earnings must be retained in the long-term interests of the business.

In view, however, of the satisfactory results for the year, it is considered that our shareholders are entitled to the modest increase in dividend which is suggested. It is accordingly proposed to pay a final dividend of eight and two-fifths pence per share (10½%), which with the interim paid of four and four-fifths pence per share, is equivalent to 16½% for the year on the revised capital. On the same basis, this compares with 15% for the previous year. The proposed dividend will require £2,518,706 and leave a small balance of £76,790 to be added to the amount brought in. If these appropriations are approved, the Revenue Reserves of the Group will have been strengthened by the retention of £4,497,710.

SCOTCH WHISKY

With the assistance derived from the acquisition of stocks of matured whiskies, our Group Blending Companies were able during the year under review to increase the distribution of their brands both in the Home Market and Overseas. Despite this, we are still unable to match demand with supply. I would again like to emphasise that maintenance of quality remains the keynote of our sales policy. The curtailment during the war years of our distilling activities has had a long range effect, and it is regrettable that there still remains a considerable degree of unfilled consumer demand for our brands in practically all markets.

The United States of America continues to be our principal overseas market and shipments showed an increase over 1953. Here, as elsewhere, our various importers, whilst recognising our difficulties, urge the need for a greater volume of shipments.

The calendar year 1954 was one of outstanding progress for the Scotch Whisky Industry as a whole. Shipments to overseas markets reached the record figure of 13.69 million proof gallons, an increase of approximately half a million gallons over the preceding twelve months and 60% over pre-war. In this great achievement your Company played a notable part.

GIN

I am glad to report that our Gin Companies have had a most satisfactory year and sales both at Home and in the Export field have shown good increases. Beyond this brief but encouraging statement, I have no further comment to offer except perhaps to underline once again the fact that the short supply of Scotch Whisky during recent years has favourably affected the Gin Industry. The upward trend in sales may therefore be reversed or modified in due course.

The 78th Annual General Meeting will be held in Edinburgh on Friday, 16th September at 12.15 p.m.

FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE

*makes molehills
out of mountains!*



*The 86" Wheelbase Land-Rover
in Four-Wheel Drive country.*

- **FOUR-WHEEL DRIVE**
- **EIGHT SPEEDS FORWARD
AND TWO REVERSE**
- **SPECIAL LONG-LIFE
ENGINE FEATURES**
- **TOWS A 2-TON LOAD
WITH EASE**

TOWING LOADS of two tons over the scarred and pitted surfaces of country lanes . . . ferrying men and materials about a building site or factory yard . . . acting as a runabout that simply won't take 'No Road' for an answer . . . these are but a few examples of Land-Rover versatility. When fitted with centre or rear power take-off, the vehicle can become a mobile power unit or stationary engine. No wonder there are Land-Rovers doing yeoman service in almost every country in the world.



*The Land-Rover 107"
Wheelbase Pick-up Truck.*

**There's no substitute
for a *LAND-
ROVER***



CHARIVARIA

UNDER the influence of the new world sweetness policy the true facts about Russian life keep bursting out on us like detail from a cleaned oil-painting. Latest reassurances come in a newspaper article pointing out that whereas a few years ago there were fifteen million people in slave-labour camps, "to-day the camps are thought not to contain more than ten million."

More Inefficiency

THERE is no doubt that the public are uneasy about the state of the armed forces, what with ratings trying to throw Admirals overboard, R.A.F. men sporting in fancy dress and untrained Irishmen tying up sentries in bundles. Another disquieting disclosure was made by the *Daily Telegraph's* diarist last week: "The cavalry soldier and his



horse are to part company at the Household Cavalry's training centre at Windsor..."

Let's Write Some Article

THERE is, of course, no room for complacency. Well done the *Daily Mail*, to combine a holiday-reading shake-up with a striking journalistic parallel by asking, under the heading "It Was a Hot Summer in 1940, Too" if we are in for a trade Dunkirk.

Dialling DISgusted

THE shallow, spreading roots of Independent Television are making their influence felt in all directions, and Post

Office engineers are said to be working at high pressure installing extra land-lines in readiness for I.T.A.'s operations to begin next month. It is to be hoped that the necessary extra provisions are being made at the same time for ordinary subscribers, who are itching to start ringing up to complain about the programmes.

Two, Please

IT is one thing to make a film, quite another to sell it, and at last week's trade showing of the newest space epic

THE ELYSIUM CINEMA			
11/-	SEATS	1/4	STRUGGLING
9/-	STANDING	3/4	SWOONING
6/-	SCREAMING	2/4	STUNNED

a useful folder was distributed, full of hints to cinema managers everywhere. They were advised to let their patrons know that they would be "chained to their seats"—a recommendation for a foyer display was a borrowed tailor's dummy, bound to a seat with "heavy lengths of chain." They were told to make much of the fact that the film had been "granted" an X certificate. Most helpful of all, however, were the suggested slogans for the enticement of the public, which included

You'll live a lifetime of nightmares
Harrowing ferment of fear
Rives the nerves—shatters the senses—
rends the heart
Vile organism of malevolence let loose
Sprawling colossus of destruction
You may loathe it—you won't dare
leave it
Engulfs you in a limbo of terror
Colossus of crawling terror
Can you face... the Horror that
sprawls

and

Stuns the imagination—annihilates
thought.

Labour-Savers

BRITISH Railways officials of the Midland Region, says a report, have been inspecting stations for cleanliness, tidiness, condition of fire buckets, and so forth. Full marks were given to the staff at Fenny Stratford when the assistant district operating superintendent sprang from the inspection train and "examined the platform seats, to see if they had been dusted. They had." Marks for this should really go to the passengers who had just left them.

Anyone Seen Lord Hawke?

THERE has been no falling-off in the annual enthusiasm among association football sportsmen to kick their big, fat ball into the middle of the cricket season. Those who think that a little decent patience might not be out of place cannot help admiring the fortitude of a million men who not only support their heroes on the summer's hottest day (mostly wearing thick caps) but can



find reserves of energy to administer the slow hand-clap and keep up a running shout of "Big 'Ead."

Always a Dark Side

NOTHING would be duller than a perfect world, and many must have been comforted to read that in his sermon at the opening of the international conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy the Bishop of Chichester gave a reminder that "the push to employ the new energy even for peaceful uses could easily produce intolerable tensions." Similarly, in relation to jublations

about recent record employment figures in Britain, it is good to remember that the more men you have working the more hours you lose during strikes.

Lovely When You're In

FOR those who even now haven't decided on a holiday place, what about Holland? An English language feature in the Dutch *World News Bulletin* speaks highly of an exhibition, "Rotterdam and the Sea" at the Prins Hendrik Museum there, which at the time of writing "had drawn 60,000 visitors."

Ah, the French

FRENCH masons who affixed a suitably inscribed plate to the house on the Ile d'Yeu where Marshal Pétain once lived were at once instructed by the Minister of the Interior to remove it. The present owner of the house, whose idea it all was, received no explanation of this order to the masons—just "Ils ne plaqueront pas."

Situation Normal

ONE of the I.T.A. programme companies has taken over Adastral House from the R.A.F., renamed it Television House, and put in hand extensive structural alterations. What with these, and some confusion over which executives are responsible for what, and where they could be found if they were,

ex-R.A.F. types dropping in to see how much the old place has changed are gratified to see how little.

Long View

MR. THOMAS, U.S. Secretary of the Navy, has hotly denied a Hoover Commission allegation that the American Navy has sixty years' supply of tinned hamburgers in reserve. "In fact," says Mr. Thomas, "it has supplies for only about thirty-five years." Even so, there is still encouragement here for those who thought any future war would be over in twenty-four hours.

More Redundancy

AN industrial correspondent reports that Work Study is now the great thing, that the analytical examination of work methods has produced "spectacular economies," and that one firm employs a staff of twelve hundred "Work Study specialists." Problems arise during strikes, no doubt, when because there is no work to study they can't even pass the time studying themselves at work studying it.

Someone in the Cellar

(Canned wine is on the way, says a report)

It's the ghost of G. K. Chesterton
Flitting among the bins:
"I don't care where the wine goes
If it doesn't get into the tins."

To The Virgins, to warn them of an Inflationary Situation

Mr. Robert Herrick, General Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Metaphysical Poets, speaking at the union's annual conference at Dean Prior, said:



ATHER ye wages while
ye may.
Old Time is
unforgiving,
And, if you do not spend
to-day,
Up goes the Cost of
Living.

The glorious lamp of
Heaven, the Sun,
Climbs up the sky by stages.
So prices always tend to run
A bit ahead of wages.

Then take the noonday while you can,
And do not trust to-morrow.
Buy with your cash. The Butler's
Plan
Will see you do not borrow.

'Tis sense to talk of Wage-Restraint,
If Prices, too, are stable.
But, since it's very sure they ain't,
Get all that you are able.

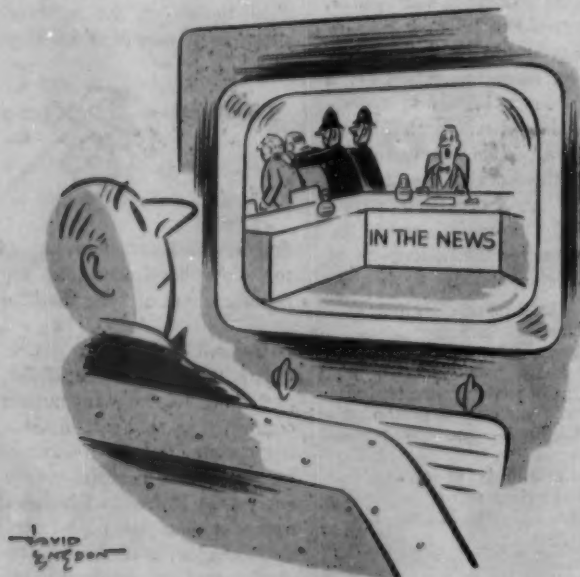
Though Profit, too, is going up,
Bad cess to them that gain it,
For, sweets, the ones that mix the
cup
Should be the ones to drain it.

Blank verse for those whose minds are
blank,
And Prose for the prosaic,
But yours to walk the Parlous Plank
Of Sapphic or Alcaic.

Then be not coy, but use the Time
(Since Time is providential)
And, if they make you write in rhyme,
Demand your Differential.

Though from Inflation, all allow,
Disaster is most certain,
Be quick and push your claims in now,
Before they drop the Curtain.

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS



"We must apologise to viewers..."



HURRICANE REPORTED MOVING TOWARDS THE CITY

No Politics

By HUGO CHARTERIS

NOW here's Councillor Evelich who would like to be God. Furfacings he has on his greatcoat collar, a big new car and he recommends deputations to St. Andrew's House. He's a childless orphan of poverty. There is something of the fanatic teaspoon about him. His narrow, lipless oval face is pale and this morning shot with lines, as he recommends as usual the matter be treated as urgent.

He's held up.

"You're bringing politics into this," he suddenly shouts at the stumbling block, Mackay.

"Not at all," shouts Mackay. "Am I?"

"No," says his cousin, looking away from the green Evelich because who can face a man who reads all week and would snub Solomon with shrill quotation from a pamphlet?

Taking his point won, Evelich faces the Convener who is shaking his head impotently like a collic with a sore ear.

Evelich says, "And it's right the man who is a teacher should get the house because what's the other . . .?"

"He was ten years in the mines."

Quick as a boxer Evelich turns: "I said *is*. Is he a miner now?"

Silence.

Evelich's voice drops. "If he were still a miner the matter would be quite different. Entirely different." He looks round. "I'll say more: if he were a miner perhaps it would be right to bring the matter up before the housing committee again and move that he should have priority."

Pause.

"I for one would support it," he

whispers sincerely, staring them out all round.

"As it is—we hear from the labour exchange he's self-employed. (Pause) Collecting scrap."

These are two uppercuts. No one can face him.

A voice from the back: "He has five children."

Evelich searches over his shoulder.

Another voice: "You're chairman of the Education committee."

Evelich fastens on the first man: "Perhaps scrap is more important than education, Mr. Mackay."

And then on the second: "I've never favoured a teacher. But I have favoured Education."

"We don't want insinuations."

"The teacher has no family."

"How would he have a family without a house," Evelich raps.

"Im-possi-bul," shouts a voice, petering into private humming.

Mr. Mackay stares at his cousin: shall they go?

Evelich faces the Convener. "I recommend the amendment to the housing committee's resolution be dropped."

The Convener has difficulty with his handkerchief.

A senile quavering shout: "There never used to be a house at Moyny."

"It's Stukey we're talking about."

"Or a teacher," insists the old voice.

The Convener bangs the table. "We must get on: it's eleven-thirty. We haven't even finished the housing question. We've got the roads yet."

The old voice comes again: "Couldn't they share the house? Wasn't

the house of Angus Truach shared when he taught at Bled? And that with two rooms. This has six."

For the first time Evelich is at a loss. He decides to show senility the only kindness he can think of—neglect.

"I propose the amendment be dropped."

"I second that," says the Free Church Minister, who has left the speaking to Evelich.

There is a show of hands in Evelich's favour.

Convener: "Then the teacher gets the house . . .?" All his summaries end on a note of interrogation, because even when the vote has been taken, there's a chance the Rev. James Campbell (Free Church) may change his own, and therefore other people's, minds.

The Convener's eye rests, therefore, now on the strong dismal face of the Rev. Campbell who, as though at an auction, stares signally at the floor.

"Right then," says the Convener. "Now the other house—28a Geordie Avenue. Is it to go to the Manager of the Twentieth Century Bracken Plant—or is it to go to Mr. Hamish McQueen? There's a letter here from the Bracken directors. D'you want to hear it?"

"No."

Evelich: "We heard what they had to say several times."

"Perhaps it's different this time."

"It isn't."

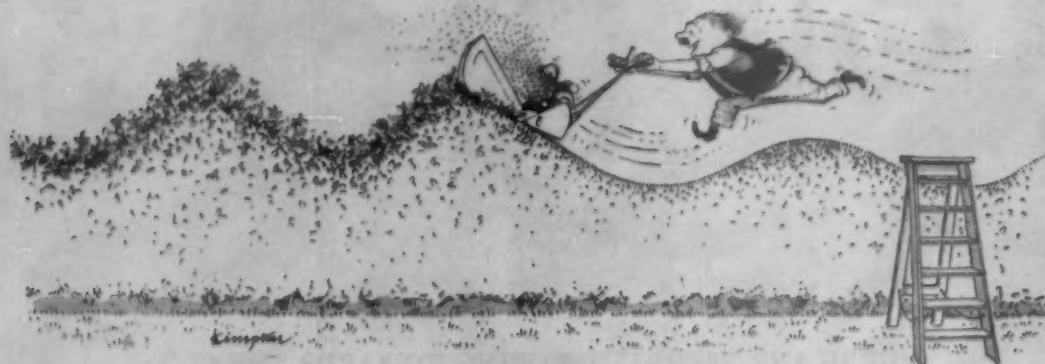
"How do you know?"

"I move we don't hear it."

"I second that."

"Let's hear it."

"D'you want to hear it?" says the Convener, looking guiltily at the silent



minister, for it would look better if it were read.

The minister seems to have sucked a bad lemon. He says nothing. Evelich watches him carefully, then speaks across to Mackay: "We don't want politics in this council." He is paler now.

Convener: "The directors' letter refers to this council's resolution last year to support any enterprise whatever, public or private, which would bring employment to the Highlands."

"Let them build a house for their manager."

"It would take time."

Evelich is on his feet: "That's nothing to do with it. The decision to give this house to McQueen—and not to the bracken manager—was based on the hard and fast ruling we made in the backend—that county road-workers should have priority."

Mackay is up.

"But McQueen collects scrap: He's not a road worker." And he sits down looking strongly at his cousin. They murmur together, adjusting their clothing.

Evelich is up. "McQueen cleared snow last winter on the county roads. He's still on our books as a road-worker. Mr. Mackay: we don't want politics."

The old voice pipes up. "He was round the west coast with a lorry for old batteries last week."

The Convener catches the minister's eye, then Evelich's. The County Clerk shuffles in papers like a pig rootling. The Convener says awkwardly, not looking up: "Well, will the County Surveyor say whether McQueen is still a county road-worker?"

Mackay is up. "Then I'm a County Road worker."

And his cousin: "And I too—and I'm also a forester, isn't that right?"

Evelich: "Is he on your books, Mr. M'Cuaig?"

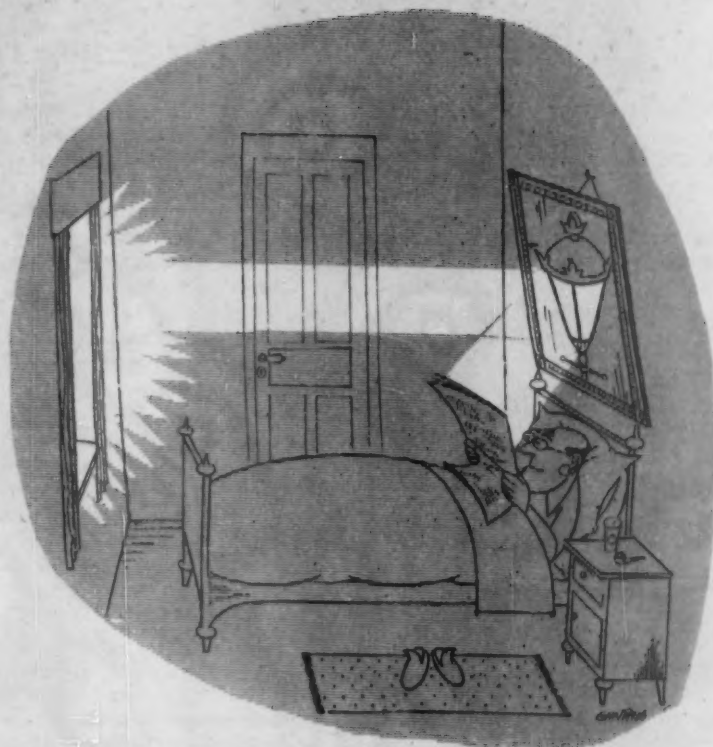
The man addressed is immense and shaggy. He stares in a divining way at Evelich, turning, as he does so, very slowly, very slightly mauve.

Mr. Mackay leaps into this breach. "What books? Doesn't the Clerk need a duck-board to reach his desk through the papers? He does so."

"Ai," says M'Cuaig. "He's still on our books."

"Bee-side Queen Victoria's Jubilee present."

(At a recent meeting a gratuitous



trouble-maker revealed that this had never been presented though rate-payers had subscribed.)

There is subdued laughter.

Evelich turns to the Convener. "There then. He's a county road-worker—and as such has priority. We have no choice in this matter. We have to abide by our rulings—else why make any?"

Members shift uneasily. None will admit to not remembering the ruling. Perhaps only the minister and Evelich were present when it was made.

But by now Mackay and his cousin have dry mouths. Every dragging minute is a pain in the neck and a double nip lures like heaven.

There is silence.

In a suddenly different appeased voice Evelich says: "I'm sure this Council would do anything in its power to help Sir Howarth MacFaddeon and the bracken plant venture. But it's not in its power to go back on previous rulings."

These words might have seemed the sticking out, by Evelich, of his neck.

But they are not. By now he knows the quality of jaded, dead-beat silence which gives *carte blanche*.

"I move . . ." he says—and it's like the soft final rush of a hungry cat.

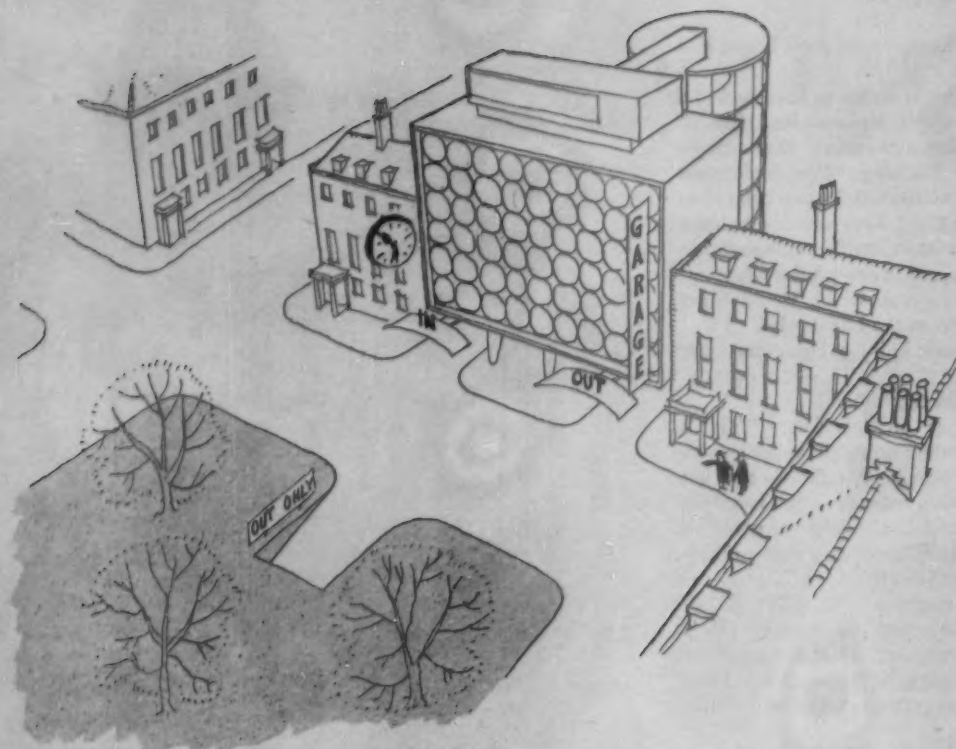
But the vehemence is unnecessary. Mackay is whistling through a broken tooth, his eyes fixed unfocussed on the Clerk's new brogues.

"Were you up at your auntie's last night, John?" Mackay says suddenly, blowing his nose in the same instant to drown at any rate a few of Evelich's words. Now hands go up in a slow hypnotized way; another house has been allocated; another unit of Evelich.

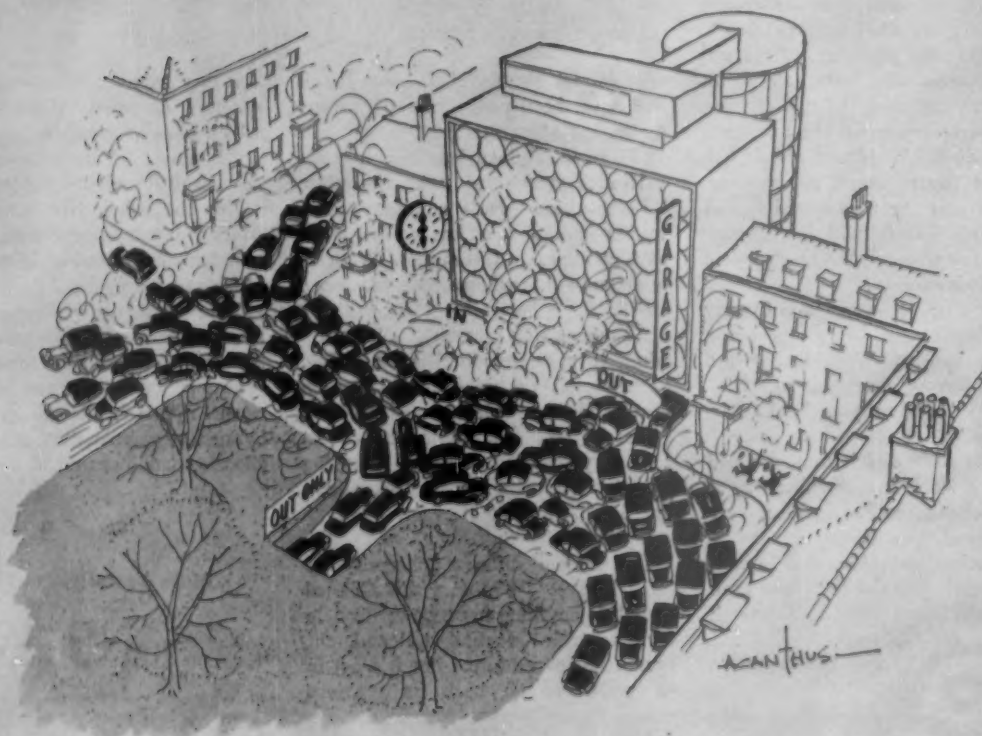
Make Yourselves at Home

"THE COURT Windsor Castle, June 18. King Hussein and Queen Dina of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan have arrived at the Castle.

Windsor Castle, June 19. King Hussein and Queen Dina of the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan have the Castle."—*The Scotsman*



These underground and vertical garages should make our streets and squares . . .



. . . so peaceful.

Everlastings

The Hill: Horace Annesley Vachell

1
*"FIVE hundred faces, and all so strange!
 Life in front of me—home behind,
 I felt like a waif before the wind
 Tossed on an ocean of—"*

So singing, the Verneys, uncle and nephew, stepped out on the platform. "Is that it?" asked John.

In the soft September haze following rain, could be distinguished a—something or other, a—what would you call it—

"Yes," said his uncle, a man of few words and a famous explorer.

—a Hill!

"Climb it," he added, and went back to Patagonia.

2
 Up, up . . . and hard by the school chapel, John remarked a curly-headed young gentleman of wonderfully prepossessing looks, from whom emanated a warmth to make red brick redder.

"You in Dirty Dick's?" asked the smiling one. "Don't look so shocked. He doesn't tosh—tub, you know. You're Verney—one of the New Forest Verneys, aren't you? My name's Desmond, a famous Harrow name; my father was here, my grandfather, my uncles, and my four brothers."

"Oh I say!"

"It does make a difference."

He ran off gaily.

Were they going to be—Friends?

3
 It depended—though how, young Verney, were you to know?—on Scaife.

John had gone to the shop where straw hats are sold and where some were talking of stags shot and centuries made, while others turfed* a new boy Fluff (Lord Eame Kinloch) who, but for doctor's orders, would have gone to the Plain.

"Say *Floreat Herga* on bended knees! That's better. And remember, we've had a king here, haven't we, Caterpillar?"

Scaife stood apart, smiling. But how different that smile from Desmond's; bold, rich, handsome—too handsome—

* To "turf"—i.e. to kick—*Harroviana*.

it belonged to one whose grandparent had humped coals. Well was he named Demon.

4
 While John did not shine at football, he fagged nobly; none made better toast, or thought of warming the *Times*.

Desmond had become "Cæsar," and John would have liked Cæsar to himself. But Cæsar and the Demon were pals.

The struggle was beginning.

One day there was a stink.

Whisky!

It couldn't be; though John had heard tell of drinking in the house (not Dirty Dick's for nothing), and—and other things.

There was the Demon stretched out, breathing heavily.

"The wretched boy's drunk!" cried the master.

"Oh no, sir," exclaimed John, "it's a sort of fit!" And so frank was the gaze—so transparent the conviction—that the master turned on his heel muttering something about "natural error."

John's first victory had preserved his worst enemy.

5
 He spent a week of his holidays with the Duke of Trent, learning the true significance of wealth and rank; but still against the Demon, sportsman and man of the world, what could he do?

Sing! His mother, who sang gloriously, had taught him.

So one afternoon, in the great Speech-room with all the school and the visitors assembled—among them a famous Field Marshal untiring in his service to Queen and country, who had taken the day off—he stood up and sang.

The first verse went haltingly, but then, as he stared straight into the eyes of the great soldier who stared back, he was singing like a lark; higher and higher rose the clear, sexless notes till two of them met and mingled in a triumphant trill.

At last he was singing to his friend—and his friend knew it. The

Demon knew it and scowled. The Field Marshal wept.

Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!

6
 "Scaife wanted Cæsar, and I've noticed, Caterpillar, that whatever Scaife wants he gets."

"He wants breeding, Jonathan, but he'll never get that—never."

7
 A new threat.

"Oh Cæsar, you're—you're not going to play Bridge."

"Why not?"

"It's—gambling: you can't get away from that."

He couldn't. The Demon played—and won. He had more than regained what he had lost at the concert, was always smoking and chaffing ("Now then, young Churchill, go easy with the cigars!"), slipped up to town to whet an inordinate appetite for forbidden fruit, at the Carlton Grill. Never had he been more brilliant. He fielded like a tiger. Lord's was near.

8
 Lord's! England at its best—and in its best—and of course Harrow won, though only with three runs and one minute to spare. The Demon made a century and 0: his scowl as he slouched off was registered at distant coach parties. "Hairy at the heel," it was murmured. And his father had been overheard to say "inestimable." The Demon might have won the match (that wonderful last run-out was more like





"This is member No. A58903B3—can you tell me the name of those charming little pink flowers towards the front of the right-hand bed outside Box 129?"

conjuring); but Desmond (72 and 15) had saved it: the cheers noted a difference.

Io! Io! Io!

9

After that the Demon's influence waxed diabolical.

John was troubled. He perceived that Caesar's finely-formed hands were trembling.

"Harry," said he—he never called him Harry except at home—"Harry, what's wrong?"

"Nothing—nothing, that is, which amounts to anything. I'm going to London."

"What?"

"Don't look at me like that, you silly old ass! It's not—not what you think. I have bet Scaife £25, the amount of my debt in fact, that the bill-of-fare of to-night's supper at the Carlton Hotel will be handed to him after Chapel to-morrow morning. I bike up to town, and bike back. That's all."

"That's all," repeated John, stupefied. He knew the house-master was on the track of just such an escapade.

There was only one thing for it: Caesar must be delayed, and he would go to London and be caught in his place.

So he did, so was.

The master looked pale, gaunt, haggard.

"What have you to say, Verney?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing." Warde clenched his fists. "Oh, you hypocrite, you damnable hypocrite! . . . But even now I feel that somehow there is a mistake—that you are not what you confess yourself to be—"

The door was flung open, and in burst Desmond, with a complete disregard of the proprieties.

"Sir," he said vehemently, "Verney did this to save—me!"

"The Lord be praised," said Warde.

They were all saved: even the Demon who, disappointed of the Guards, had been fitted out by his father with a regiment—Scaife's Own.

10

The rest is almost beyond telling. The Demon and Desmond were out fighting the Boers, and one day fate brought a telegram.

"Demon dead. Died gloriously."

What!

But might not Demon be a mistake for Desmond? So lamentably, with the arrival of a second telegram, it turned out.

"Henry Desmond killed in action."

But whom had he preferred to the end—the inappeasable Demon or honest John?

They waited, and at last it came—the letter. "Old Jonathan, you have been the best friend a man ever had, the only one I love . . . We are before Spion Kop. I have the absurd conviction strong in me that, to-morrow, I shall get up the hill faster and easier than the other fellows because you and I have so often run up our Hill together—God bless it—and you! Good night."

* * * * *

And any day, should you pass chapel or speech-room, you may hear them, past and present indissolubly linked, singing together. G. W. STONIER

6 6

Every Possible Convenience

"TO LET, October and November. Sacrifice £4 gns. p.w. CHIPSTEAD, Surrey. Modern det. res. Lovely garden. 4 beds. 2 rec. Modn. K. & B. Vast frig., ex American wife. Tele. but furn. in excellent taste. and even books. Garage. Tel.: Downland . . ."

Advertisement in The Observer

The Festival

By CLAUD COCKBURN

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, on being asked what on earth he supposed Stiknobhylls had as a "festival town" which Edinburgh, Salzburg and Venice did not, is said to have replied with characteristic *élan* that he "did not know." Still more significant were the findings of the Hulton Survey in its cross-section of the opinion of Mr. E. Hulton, chosen at random as a typical sample of the opinion of untitled Roman Catholic proprietors of more than one periodical. The author of *Round the Gasworks with an Open Mind* does not mention either the place or its Festival, although his reference on page 119 to "a brief halt for petrol at a place the name of which I did not ascertain" is taken by many to be a reference to Stiknobhylls.

Never, however, the less, the fact remains that there is something in the atmosphere—aptly defined by definers as "indefinable"—of this far from quaint or old town, so lacking in both

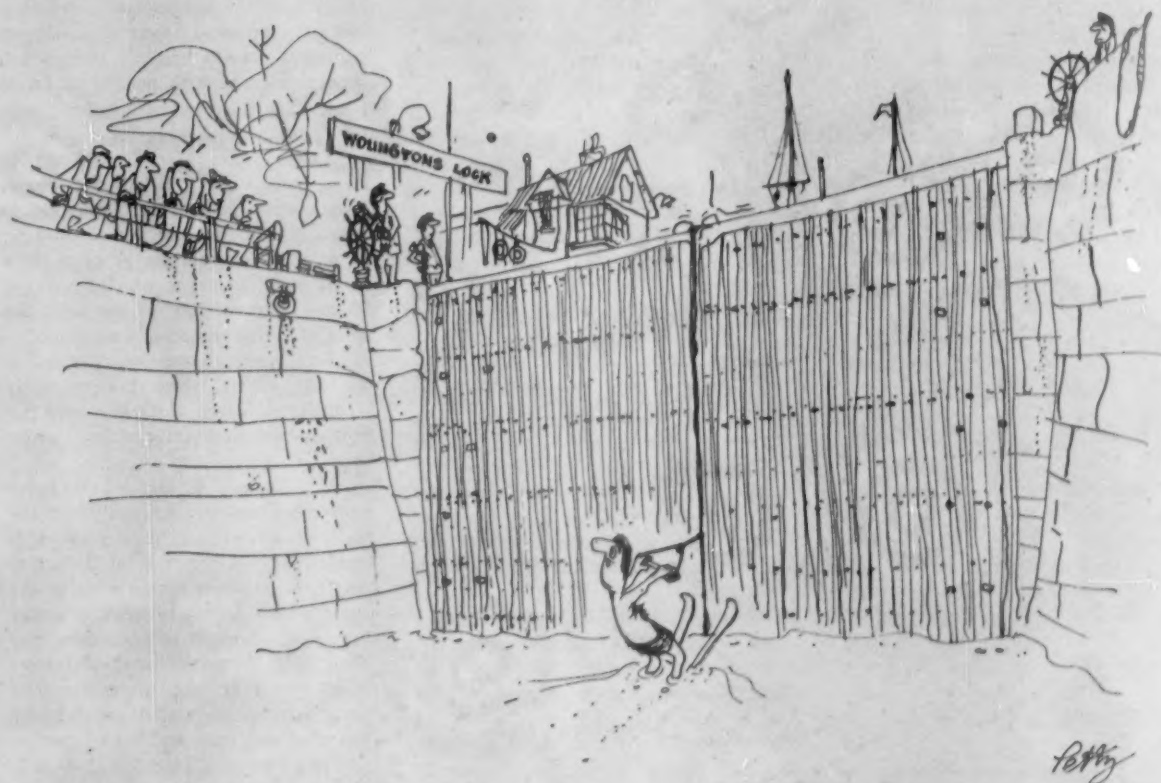
charm and dignity, which year after year fails to turn it into a veritable Mecca for lovers of beauty, culture, or even beauty-culture. An experienced observer observed that this year's Festival bids fair to be an even less brilliant failure than any previous one.

Here at Festival time in the saloon bar of the principal public house—its shining décor by a local decorator designed to recreate the authentic "atmosphere" of a saloon bar in a public house—you may in a few minutes note the absence of a score of celebrities of stage and screen, not to mention Elsa Maxwell and Mr. Onassis. Two of the habitués of this undistinguished hostelry have already stated for publication that they are not the Marquis of Milford Haven and wish the newspapers would leave them alone. As one of them—he was pointed out to me as a local wit—wittily put it "One's private life rather ceases to be private when it gets to be public, at least that's what I

always say, although of course it's just one man's opinion for what it's worth I mean." We all laughed heartily at the sally.

In this little establishment, "The Daze of Yore," where everybody who is anybody in Stiknobhylls gathers for ill-natured gossip whenever the licensing laws permit, you may at any moment find yourself literally rubbing shoulders with men from Willesden or even West Kilburn in their traditional costume, or sharing the puddle of warm beer on the bar with a girl known throughout Croydon for her striking unlikeness to Marilyn Monroe and Dame Edith Sitwell.

As you listen to the veritable babel of voices, voicing, in the accents of a dozen municipal boroughs, bitter complaints of the lack of service and common courtesy, you may well ask yourself what magnetic force, what Elizabethan spirit of adventure, what deep realization of the abiding inspiration of the



higher things, has brought all these people together.

Questioned on this point, a man who gave his name as B. Ware, of "Pick-pockets," near—so he said—Paddington was loud in his opinion of the Festival. He accounted for his presence by stating that at the outset of what may be described as a veritable pilgrimage he had boarded the wrong bus, and pointing out there was no train out of town for another two hours. On discovering this he had, he said, intended to stay right away from the Pageant of History with which the Festival traditionally opens, but had been baulked in this intention—"It would have been something to tell the children about if I'd been able not to be there," he remarked—by the fact that the Pageant had been cancelled without warning on the grounds of economy.

"It isn't," explained bluff Q. Here, the town's justly unpopular Mayor who has done so much to avert the success of the Festival, "that we haven't actually got a heap of money. We have.

We soak the ratepayers plenty. But I prefer to see it spent on free petrol for the mayoral cars and the car of any Councillor who honestly proves himself a stooge or yes-man. Besides," he added, "if you knew the history of this town as well as I do you'd realize it isn't anything you'd like to put in a Pageant—not with a mixed audience, and children, too. Creating delinquency is what I call it, and we've plenty of that in the present without raking up the past.

"In any case," pursued Mr. Here, "I don't know as we want a lot of visitors poking their noses in here, always wanting amenities, and value for money and Lord knows what else. Only last year a couple of them wrote to Gilbert Harding complaining of the accommodation and the landladies, and—would you believe it?—when it came to proving their allegations all they could prove about the accommodation was that it was inadequate and dirty, and about the landladies that they were rapacious. Next thing you know they'll

be asking for meat twice a week and why is the public park knee-deep in litter."

His reference to litter emboldened us to ask what we feared might be an "indiscreet" question. A little bird had whispered of a frustrated romance between the daughter of Mr. Mayor and an official of the Municipal Sanitation department. Rumour, which at Festival Time flies like the smell of frying fish through the cafés and milk bars of this scandal-loving little community, where no back remains unbiten for long and reputations are shredded nightly by experts, had it that the stern father, deeming unseemly a marital alliance between a member of the mayoral family and a road-sweeper, had forbidden it, and actually banished the too presumptuous unit of anti-litter personnel to a district far distant and without benefit of telephone box, between Disposal Avenue and Strachey Boulevard.

Ever so delicately, we put our little question to the Mayor, pointing out that it really would be in his own best interests to make a frank exclusive statement, or else we should feel obliged, in the interests of democracy and a free press, to collect all slanderous rumours, however baseless, and publish them fearlessly, with possibly a bit of fearless, hard-hitting utterly frank editorial comment.

"Listen here, Here," we said to Here, "do we have a free press here, Here, or do we not?" Thinking to soften him up, we did a little thinking aloud, rehearsing the sort of piece there would be in our paper, which would say Mayor Here was out of line with the spirit of democracy and Must Go.

The Mayor's greasy visage creased in the oily sheen which the corruptly sycophantic *Stikno Advertiser* was far from unwont to describe as his "hearty laugh."

"Mattera fact," he said, "I don't give a tinker's damn who I mean whom she weds, or, if you care to be pedants, is wedded to. Why should I bother to interfere? It's just that neither of the young people seems to want to marry the other. And as for banishing the fellow, why he asked for the transfer: claims the beer out there at 'The Slithy Tove' in Disposal Avenue's better than what they serve in Town."

"Then I may say, I suppose," we said, "that they are just good friends?"



"Cookers or eaters?"

"I doubt it," said the Mayor, "I'd think there's a good deal more to it than that. In fact, except for this silly idea that they want to get married, I'd say anything scandalous that's being rumoured about the pair of them is based on pretty solid fact."

Murmuring "Mayor hints orgies rife in Festival Town," we left him to wander once again through streets so under-steeped in history that the visitor with a keen sense of the past cannot but feel a vivid awareness that neither Mary Queen of Scots, musician Mozart, nor a Doge or so, ever walked here. If they had passed through the place at all, they would have run, not walked.

It is reported that, to the best of the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, nothing much has ever happened here and less is happening now. However, it must be stated that the oldest inhabitant, on being asked for confirmation of this sensational report, proved to be a more or less middle-aged man. "People get out of here quick," was his explanation of this fact, "or else they die young. It isn't," he added with a touching flare of civic pride, "the water supply that kills them—just the climate."

His views were heartily endorsed by the no-longer young or brilliant dramatist and producer, Mr. Broadway (known to his friends, of whom there are still two or three, as "Ealing" Broadway.) Chatting intimately with this very intimate chatterer who is one of Stiknobhylls' most eminent sons, your correspondent was privileged to learn a number of facts which nobody has hitherto thought it worth while to learn, let alone publish.

Captured by the Japanese towards the end of the war, "Ealing" for years successfully evaded repatriation, and when the dreaded non-return ticket to Stiknobhylls was thrust into his hand one grey morning by a grim-faced consular official, he still did not give way to despair. Summoning his last resources of energy and ingenuity he succeeded in getting in touch with Russian representatives whom, in the most moving terms, he asked for a job in the salt mines of which he had read so much in the American press.

But the Russians, though evidently touched by his sincerity and keenly interested by his account of conditions at Stiknobhylls, could do no more than enter his name on their books and



"Mr. J. R. Jackson, Hotel Majestic, Sandbeach. Dear J.R., Your picture postcard to hand and double-entendre noted . . ."

promise to let him know if they had anything for him "later." The Governor of Alabama to whom he applied for a post on a chain gang was of no assistance either.

Returning to his native town Mr. Broadway received the typically hearty welcome to be expected after so long an absence. One man said "Been away or something?" and another "So you're back are you?"

"And then," said Mr. Broadway, with the famous Ealing leer, "I decided to get into the Festival business."

For this year's Festival he has been specially commissioned to write and produce what may well be the biggest flop since the whole thing began.

As a result of our chat, I am able to reveal that for the inspiration of this work, to be entitled "There's No Business Like No Business," Mr. Broadway has drawn freely upon his intimately chatty knowledge of Japan, his hazy recollection of something he read in an old newspaper about *South Pacific*, an intimate chat with the old German thinker Ach Wie Schoen, two press photographs of Anouilh and Thornton Wilder, and an unwavering belief that whatever happens he will be in a position to sting the municipality for a fat fee because he knows which Councillors are making what out of the catering arrangements at the Hall of Poesy.

Discouraging

NOBLE the novelist, tormented man,
Was governed more by passion than by plan.

His books reflected his unrestful soul:
His characters were always in a hole—
Not torn by taxes in the Welfare State
But racked with love for someone else's mate,

The ancient struggle of Romance and Right,
In which the latter rarely won a fight.
Then Mr. Noble went across to Rome.
"At last," we said, "the wanderer comes home.

Now a new calm will ease the queasting heart,

And Truth will hurry to the aid of Art.
The Novelist will reinforce the Pope,
And teach us Faith, and Chastity, and Hope."

Well, well, serene he may be in himself,
But not the new best-sellers on the shelf.

The amended soul may be a big success:
His heroines are in the same old mess.
You need some trouble for a tale, no doubt—

But, what is worse, he never gets them out.

And when a priest is added to the brew,

Alas, the priest is in a muddle too.

A. P. H.

When the Lights Go Up in Blackpool

By H. F. ELLIS

H. E. Jacob Alexandrovitch Malik to Minister for Foreign Affairs, Moscow.

MOST SECRET. All is arranged. I am to press switch at Blackpool on September 19th, in accordance with your instructions and in furtherance of the Plan, and confidently expect to light such a candle as I trust, etc., etc. Ho! Ho! (in confidence). Propose to speak for one hour on theme of peace, brotherhood of nations, and superior illuminations at Crimean resorts. The English have decadent old song begins I'm going to get lit up when the lights go up in London ends. Respectfully submit that substitution of Blackpool for London would strike usefully genial note, and request permission

(a) to sing this

(b) to do it.

The same to the same

Very well. A further point of diplomatic delicacy has arisen. Information has reached me from a reliable source that on the occasion of a similar Illumination Ceremony last year, difficulties arose about the expenses of my predecessor—a typical bourgeois. Great harm would be done and valuable ground lost if misunderstanding occurred concerning, *exempli gratia*, my bodyguards' laundry bill. Is this an allowable charge, for purposes of the Benevolent War, on the funds of the Supreme Soviet of the Soyuz Sovetskikh Sotsialisticheskikh Respublik? Or not?

Urgently request permission to unveil statue of late Mayor of Goole, Yorks, Friday.

The same to the same

Your *carte blanche* received and noted. Every effort will be



made to give satisfaction in a field of rich promise. I have accepted invitations to give away the prizes at the school sports at Hitchin and to open church bazaars at Wantage, Chalfont St. Peter's and Moretonhampstead. The campaign goes with a swing.

Owing to clash of dates I have instructed Counsellor Belokhovostikov to lay the foundation stone, as my deputy, of the new hydrogen bomb shelter at Newcastle. He will speak of the dawn of a new age and, if time allows, make a smiling attack on Chiang-kai-Shek.

The same to the same

First Secretary Kondrashev has blundered and should be recalled. I have issued instructions that in future backward somersaults at public swimming baths will not be attempted by diplomats below the rank of Counsellor.

Please send full instructions, not obtainable here, for judging vegetables and flowers, with emphasis on chrysanthemums. Also authorization to purchase twelve tweed suits and small flat caps, or brown bowlers in lieu. Do we grow marrows in fruitful Baltic Sea area? If so, would forty-eight inches be acceptable figure to quote in opening addresses as average circumference of this plentiful Russian sweetmeat?

Agitation has broken out in certain sections of British Press for despatch of team of twelve experienced Fête Openers to Russia on *quid pro quo* basis. Names already canvassed include three Duchesses; remainder TV stars—all women. Am preserving jovially inscrutable attitude pending directive from you re issue of visas.

The same to the same

Situation very difficult. Counsellors Tikhvinsky and Chernyshov in Scotland for Highland Games. Belokhovostikov lamed kicking off for Sheffield Wednesday, Thursday. Shortage of staff makes transaction of ordinary Embassy business impossible. All First, Second and Third Secretaries scattered at Flower Shows, etc., except Third Secretary Maslennikov, who won egg-and-spoon race Llanrwst Junior Sports, Monday, outstripping Skripov detailed to shadow him, and is consequently on suspect list. Military Attaché Rogov too busy practising for Horn Dance, Abbots Bromley, Staffs, due September 7th, to attend manoeuvres. I myself have severe hay fever following Harvest Festival at Saffron Walden and fear may be incapacitated for vital Blackpool ceremony. Request urgent dispatch reinforcements all grades. Men sent must be fluent speakers, accustomed receive floral tributes from small children, bow right and left, and hand rosettes to winners. Experienced judges horse-flesh wanted, also junior grades skilled in guessing weights of cakes. Some knowledge of snipping ribbons an advantage. Please treat as most important and urgent.

Minister for Foreign Affairs, Moscow, to H.E. the Soviet Ambassador in London.

Reverse policy immediately. Refuse open all bazaars, fêtes, etc. Shut Embassy doors. Return prizes, arrest Rogov, and preserve impassive demeanour. Sharp note to be delivered to Macmillan in person follows immediately.





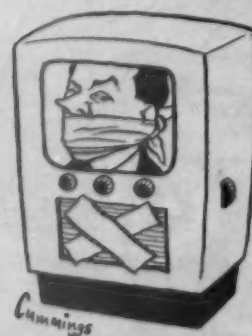
CONSERVATIVE PARTY—A political organization which, through the centuries, has taken its ideas from its opponents and repaid the debt by putting them into practice more effectively than they can. Archaic: a political organization whose object is to preserve the institutions of the country.



LIBERATION—The freeing of a nation from a foreign despotism in order to replace it by a domestic one. The process is usually accompanied by indiscriminate loss of life, and is therefore particularly suitable for Far Eastern countries where over-population is a serious problem.



LABOUR PARTY—A political organization whose leaders believe in equality between themselves and the leaders of the Conservative Party. Also, though now rarer, a humanitarian organization for promoting full employment for depressed intellectuals.



FORUM OF PUBLIC OPINION—A forum where the public is told what opinions it may hold. Alternatively, a forum where no opinion may be publicly expressed at all. This second meaning is gradually replacing the older.



APPEASEMENT—A programme which suff
normal serv



ELECTION MANIFESTO—A prospectus which, if issued by a political party, may ensure a prolonged term in power, but if issued by a private person would ensure a prolonged term in prison. Election manifestos are a comparatively recent innovation, having become necessary only after the Corrupt Practices Acts of 1854 and 1883 had forbidden all other forms of bribery.



PROGRESSIVE OPINION—Body of beliefs current in respectable middle-class households in Wimbledon, circa 1880-1908.

A New Political Glossary

By Henry Fairlie

SELF-DETERMINATION—

The right of a people to vote itself into slavery 100 years after it has been freed from it. Experiments in self-determination have been practised most successfully on peoples who are illiterate and can therefore be persuaded to vote for what they cannot understand. Self-determination may be held to have succeeded when the elected peoples' government has armed its police force with British aid.



suffered a technical hitch between 1939 and 1945, but for which service has now been resumed.

In Defence of the Uncommon or Theatre Cough

JUST now in theatres, opera houses, concert halls—and way across the Atlantic wherever visiting lecturers draw audiences—the Season is in preparation. Writing this, I am not thinking of actors, singers, pianists, lecturers—but of their secret rivals, those members of the audience who indicate by coughing, fidgeting, and in other ways here to be investigated, their scarcely conscious feeling that *they* have as much right to express themselves on stage or platform as the performers.

When I write down that word "Season," I think of the coughers now tuning up their throats; the chocolateaters (divided between the fanatical paper-crackling variety and the munchers and crunchers) now laying up their silver papered stores for the winter; the snorters, groaners, growlers and heavy breathers; and, above all, those who marvellously express the real poetry of

By STEPHEN SPENDER

dream and fantasy by sleeping through Shakespearean or operatic cycles.

I don't hold much brief for the gallery boopers and cat-callers of whom we heard so much last year. They lack art. Either their triumphs are empty because they are heckling what everyone knows to be hecklable; or they are defeating their own ends. Just as great commanders are made by remembering that armies do not sit on bayonets (I have always longed to see an army sit on some), so geniuses are spurred on to the sublime by boos from the gallery. A little booing may, indeed, provoke a sleeping dog to be a genius.

How stupidly dangerous such methods are when compared with other and more subtle ones. For instance, the greatest achievement of "audience-consciousness" for a long time has been the introduction, last season, of the

notorious Continental device (fallen into neglect in this country) of "breaking down" operatic performances with great bursts and volleys of applause: setting up a clapping and howling which sometimes lasts far longer than the particular aria applauded. In the last season even the once sacrosanct Glyndebourne—where, formerly, the lines of music seemed engraved on crystal silence—has been invaded by "audience consciousness."

Start a little clapping, and even those who dislike a work being broken will feel bound to join in. They will consider that once applause has begun, the singer will feel discouraged if it be half-hearted—so, the audience wins! And soon, in the public mind, the merit of each singer will be decided by the numbers of times in a performance that he is stopped from singing. Thus the auditorium has gained a signal victory over the stage.



"I bought it unfurnished."

However, as in every art, individual efforts are the most heroic, and it is to these that we should direct our attention. Here is just one example. It happened not long ago when I was at Stratford, looking at Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh in *Macbeth*. At a moment when the stage was in almost complete darkness, filled with black silence broken by the tremendous thumps of the Porter knocking at the castle gate, the lady sitting next to me turned to her neighbour, and exclaimed hoarsely: "Prudence handled these great crowd scenes far better at Seattle." Her companion slanted his interested sallow features, with the little Adolf Menjou moustache, towards her, and muttered: "Exactly. That's the whole prahblm."

I looked quickly at the couple and then gazed back stagewards. But they had won. When, during the Banquo's Ghost scene, Macbeth jumped on to the table, managing not to get his legs singed by the branched candle sticks at each end, the lady commented: "Prudence never thought of that jumping on the table job. That's fine," and the sallow Adolf Menjou-moustached one assented. "No. The Oliviers got it over Prudence there." By the time we had got to the Weird Sisters showing Macbeth Banquo's posterity, we were a Trio in which I accompanied their pipe and strings with the plucked guitar of my "sh-sh-sh-sh"-ings.

Children, now recognized to be our most talented painters, are also the most spontaneous interpreters of audience consciousness. They can, with their delightful uninhibitions, reach through the superficial, shallow defences of the performer's conscious mind, and wring his unconscious. In the middle of a speech or an aria, seeing a child in the audience, he may be overwhelmed with a memory of the past when, himself a child, he was overtaken by a need far, far greater than blank verse, speech or sword fight.

I was first made conscious of the full potentialities of the child-in-the-audience at Albuquerque, when giving a lecture on *The Situation of the Writer in a Time of Chaos*. It was a hot evening and the lecture was held out of doors. A bright lamp placed immediately behind my head caused some discomfort through attracting bats and a few of the large, rare moths indigenous to that part of America. Some of these fauna—



probably regarding my partly lit-up face as a cool alternative to the naked lamp-bulb, kept flapping up against my cheeks and eyes. However, my words gushed in a clear calm cascade through their urgent wings, and I was not seriously put off.

Then, in the front row, brightly lit by the same lamp, I noticed a small boy squeezed between his parents—the father evidently a professor at the University of Albuquerque, his mother, doubtless a psychiatrist. There was a look of anguish on that boy's face. As he cast up at me, from the front row, his little martyred glance, I began to recollect scenes from my own childhood. And, in interstices between my words, unspoken questions forced themselves, jabbing as it were between my teeth whenever I opened my mouth. "Does the pleasure the rest of the audience is getting from my views on the Writer's Predicament, justify this one child's agony?" The answer came back clear as the single stroke of a bell, in the form of a low moan or howl from the front row. A second question seemed more difficult to answer: "Will the chairman consider that I should forgo my fee if I close the lecture half an hour before the agreed on time?" Yet I could not but

imagine a little voice that pleaded: "I'll give you my one dime, or this piece of Bubble Gum I'm chewing, if only you'll stop, Mister." Well, I did stop, and, after all, nobody complained.

All the same, the oldest and simplest methods probably remain the best. None, even to-day, offers more range and variety, more scope for future development, than the cough.

There has not been made, as far as I know, a really exhaustive study of Coughing down the Ages. Yet a moment's reflection will show what a rich field of research this must be. Primitive coughing at Stonehenge Druid Festivals must have been a fairly crude attempt to interrupt the solemn liturgy of Human Sacrifice. Eighteenth century audiences, one supposes, found in the repeated "Ahem" and perhaps, too, the birdlike trills of ladies just about to have the Vapours, the most effective method of interposing audience consciousness between the notes of clavier and clavichord. The invention of the *Hammerklavier* must have caused a revolution in the art of coughing. Any observant visitor to modern entertainments must note that the style of the really great contemporary coughers has been influenced by developments



such as atonalism, cubism, surrealism and expressionism.

I have nothing but contempt, of course, for coughs which are merely the results of climate, microbes, or some organic complaint. One instantly "dismisses" (as Dr. F. R. Leavis would say) the coughs which have simply "come in from outside," coughs of people who at home or in the street would be coughing in exactly the same insignificant way. And it is for the sake of the true coughers—and not at all for the performers—that I would implore those who merely have what is vulgarly known as "a cough," to stay at home.

The creative cougher—instantly recognizable by anyone of sensibility—is, essentially, one who only coughs in theatres, churches, concert halls, meetings, and other such places. The uniqueness of the quality of the true performance cannot be "dismissed." That lady over there who has suddenly gone red in the face and has an uncontrollable seizure at the very moment when the orchestra has stopped playing and the soloist is concentrating the quintessence of the concerto on one finger apparently playing one note—that lady has not coughed for months. We know at once that she did not get up this morning with a dryness or irritation of the throat or any other such secondary symptoms. On the contrary, we can be certain that her organ was in excellent form when she got out of bed. She will not have to be rushed home and covered with mustard plasters and

stuffed with sulfa drugs. The expression on her nephew's face as he sits beside her—while he struggles between the decision to take no notice and that of showing tremendous concern—bears witness that he has never heard his aunt cough before. And that—we may be sure—is because this is the first time that he has accompanied her to a concert (something which, having no art in his soul, he will never do again).

Her cough is the ecstasy of the artist; and if, besides the rapture of release, she has any other feeling, it is, I am convinced, ferocious indignation at the injustice which makes so many of the audience attend to the soloist on the

platform and disdain the one among themselves.

More and more when I go out, it is these unrecognized artists among us who command my admiration. Coughs I have heard that ranged through every scale, from the lowest grunt to trills that hit the ceiling, and hovered there; coughs that passed from *pianissimo* to *fortissimo* in the space of a split second. Some coughs I have seen (for one does, indeed, see them) command the involuntary attention of vast audiences forced to turn their heads as one head, in the direction of an artist, un-commented on by The Critics, un-recorded in the *Annual Register*. The cougher is like Anon in the anthologies. No one signs his cough, his name is not printed on the programme.

To-day, instead of taking tickets in the third row of the Stalls, and getting those distorted close-ups of legs surmounted by garishly painted pin-heads out of which voices hurl words like javelins, I sink down contentedly at the back of the Pit. There, where the stage looks remote as a silk handkerchief embroidered with vague figures blown by vague passions, I settle down cheek to cheek with Audience Consciousness. The chocolateaters, paper-crackling or munchers and crunchers, the heavy breathers, the snorers—I wait patiently listening to them as to the strains of a swarming Prelude. I know that very soon my sensibility will be lifted to the heights by some great unrecognised virtuoso of the cough.

A Whiff of Country Petrol

BEYOND the towns the Grand Museum lies,
Spinney and downland, cereal, roots and grass
All carefully preserved behind the glass
Of windscreens to beguile our modern eyes.
The clockwork seasons, in too fresh an air
For specimens as old as these things are,
Revolve. Drive out and watch them from your car:
Plenty of other people will be there.
But if you leave your car you should not range
Far from the road, or somehow things will change
And you will find it hard to settle down
As just another of the human faces
That stare, preserved, from cramped but windowed cases
Rank upon rank on highways back to town.

PETER DICKINSON

A Meeting in Drift

By ANTHONY CARSON

THERE is a roof on top of my hotel in Drift, in North Africa, from which, when it is not crammed with washing, one can see the sea, visiting gunboats, and a small ship with a tall funnel which appears to be on its way East. In fact it has gone west, since it was abandoned ten years ago by a firm of smugglers who had omitted to pay rake-off money and holes were bored in the bottom and it sank. There is also a ruined amusement park, an abandoned hotel, some beautiful palm-trees and distant hills. When the Levante blows, the washing cracks like sails in a storm, and the Arab women domestics, called Fatimas, rush about screaming with clothes pegs.

It was on this roof I used to sunbathe. Except for being smothered in damp sheets or the Fatimas praying to the East and occasional visits by sinister insects, it was extremely calm and relaxing. One day I was lying on my back, smoking a terrible Drift cigarette, when I heard a cough near me, and looked around. To my amazement I saw another half-naked figure extended by my side, also with a cigarette in his mouth. "Good morning," I said in English. "Good morning," cried the stranger, "I thought you were an Arab. I was trying to think of the Arabic word for match." He was a tall well-built man going slightly bald, and wearing a monocle. "Been in Drift long?" I asked him, giving him a light from my cigarette. "Just arrived yesterday," he said. "My name's Halliday." "On holiday?" I asked him. "Not exactly," he answered. "I've just escaped from the Foreign Legion." He looked up at the sky and stretched. "Nice to talk English again," he said. We smoked in silence for a while. "It's a pity I can't go to France for the holidays any more. Nice place, Paris." "What decided you to join?" I asked him. "I had a tiff with the wife," he said. "Rather silly really. Something about the garden. Begonias, I think it was." He was silent for a while, meditating. "A week after joining I regretted being so hasty," he said. "How long were you in the Legion?" "Two years," he said. "What about having a drink?"

We dressed and walked out into the alleyways of streets which surrounded

the hotel. There was a smell of incense and cats and dried fish, and an endless fecundity of howling children. "I've got to be a bit careful," said Halliday. "I think there are some chaps after me." He adjusted his monocle and looked around with careful casualness. "But you're all right here," I said. "Drift isn't French." "Nominally I'm all right," he said, "but I don't want to take any chances." We paused outside a bar and I could feel Halliday sniffing at it. "Is it French or Spanish?" he asked me. "Spanish," I said. We went inside and ordered some red wine. As is usual in Spanish cafés, it was served with a plate of appetizers—prawns, olives and slices of swordfish. The bar was garish, with that off-beat atmosphere which characterizes so many Drift establishments, half Alcazar, half Ruritanian cinema. There were Moorish arches, stuffed bull's heads and a bad lino-cut of the Maja Desnuda. "It's

not much fun to be caught escaping," said Halliday. "They make you crawl about with sacks of stones, and get up, and run and crawl again. Then they go at you with boots. Saw it happen to a chap once." He sipped his wine. "Mind you, I managed all right in the Legion. I'm a military man, you see. Suited me in a way. But I missed the wife."

We went to another bar. Halliday was explaining to me how the British consul had congratulated him for deserting, was getting him a boat from Gibraltar and giving him a small allowance, when he suddenly stopped talking and whispered "That's the man, the fellow with the beard." I looked up and saw a swarthy man with a beard and a hooked nose leaning against the bar and watching us. "Let's go," said Halliday. We walked to the main square, sat down at a café, and in a second were surrounded by shoe-





"For heaven's sake can't I have a bit of privacy round here?"

blacks. One of them, a tiny boy like a ragged brown cupid, tugged at Halliday's sleeve and said "You've escaped from the Legion," and then added "want a shine? Two pesetas." "Go away," said Halliday, polishing his monocle. "Who is the man with the beard?" I asked. "I met him during the escape. Never spoke to him though. He swam after me in a river and then I saw him in a disused copper mine. He's a Foreign Legion agent, I suppose. They want me back, you see. Quite a compliment."

The next day Halliday visited the consul and returned in a jubilant mood. "The wife's coming," he said. "Flying over. Don't know where she got the money from." We sunbathed and then went downstairs to have a drink. Just outside the door was the man with the beard, pretending to read a copy of the *Drift Trumpeter*. We walked past him, and Halliday adjusted his monocle and gave a stately bow. The bearded man buried his face in the paper.

Late that evening Halliday went to meet his wife at Drift airport, and then brought her around to one of the cafés in the main square. She was a handsome

woman of about thirty-eight, rather severely dressed, and carrying one of those enormous handbags which could contain a small washing-machine, a baby or the complete works of Somerset Maugham. They were both extremely happy, and Halliday had his shoes cleaned six times. I left them to visit a friend and when I returned Mrs. Halliday was sitting alone, crying. Nobody ever appears to cry in Drift, and the spectacle was a great popular success, better than a fight or a lottery or the Drift town band. Standing in front of her were fourteen shoe-blacks, a group of white-robed communicants, a huge Arab with goitre and a thin man selling rubber frogs. I took her away and we went down to the front, near the ruined amusement park.

"He's gone," she said. "He's gone. It was so wonderful and then we started talking about gardens—we both like them so much—and then . . ." I knew what she was going to say, and she said it ". . . begonias." She burst out crying again, and the sand blew, and the little doomed ship with the tall funnel seemed to sail East. "Where did he go?" I asked her. "I don't know," she said.

sobbing. "I don't think he's a home man at all. Everything was going to be so nice for him . . ." We stood there for a few minutes and then she said "I think I caught a glimpse of him with a man with a beard."

A week later, after Mrs. Halliday had gone home, alone, I was having my shoes cleaned in the Big Square, by the brown cupid, when I saw the man with the beard walk out of the café and over the street. "Who is that man?" I asked the cupid. "He's a Jew," he answered. "But what does he do?" I asked. "Just a moment," said the minute pretty busybody. He talked for a minute or two with a group of other shoe-blacks, and then returned. "He recruits people for the Foreign Legion," he said. "The Foreign Legion," I repeated. "Yes, in Israel," said the tiny boy. "The other shoe, please."

Anything Here for the Honours List?

"An Englishwoman . . . achieves the distinction of getting the biggest alimony settlement from millionaire playboy Tommy Manville of any of his wives . . ."

Daily Express

Need Anything Happen?

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

THE case of the Balmoral barbecue, last week's widely reported royal beanfeast which later turned out not to have taken place, opens up several questions. Reporters everywhere, for example, are asking if it is fair to the Press for events to defy the newspapers in this way; and isolated sceptics, casting their minds back suspiciously, are asking if there was any truth in those tales about a recent meeting in Geneva.

But the thinking public, in its small scattered pockets, is asking why, on the strength of the Balmoral affair, the strain of modern existence cannot be reduced almost out of existence. Why need it have any being at all outside the newspapers? For ninety-nine per cent of our population, an event is only an event because the papers say so. We have only the word of *The Times*, for instance, that excavations have begun at the Tower of London in preparation for the building of a new jewel-house; or of the *Daily Express* that a Luton stoker threw an eight-week-old baby at a policeman; or of the *Telegraph* that Americans are manufacturing pink typewriters. Under the new arrangement daily journalists could produce this kind of thing to the full dictates of their fancy; readers would be none the wiser and there would be an immense saving in time and effort for colour-processing technicians in America's typewriter industry, professional excavators spared the necessity to dig at the Tower, and policemen, stokers and eight-week-old babies in Luton.

It is not likely, of course, that such a scheme could come into force fully grown. Its beginnings would be humble. It might start by abolishing the actuality of something which newspaper readers have never wholly believed in anyway—Parliament, for example. Let Parliament confine its existence to the parliamentary page, where seconded leader-writers would have a free hand to shape the course of debate, thus at a blow restoring the standards of political oratory, making the Palace of Westminster wholly available for parties of tourists, and freeing Members for television appearances. It would naturally be necessary for papers to retain their existing policies of selection: *Times* readers might smell a rat if weeks

went by without mention of Brooks and Watercourses (Cleansing), the provision of additional pillar-boxes in Cardiff and other lively matter; just as *Express* readers would miss their old friend "Liar" in House. Commons Uproar." That apart, who is going to know or care whether our legislators are asleep with their feet up in the Chamber or at home?

It is in the sphere of foreign affairs, however, that the greatest scope would be afforded. The complexities of Middle-Eastern politics alone offer a rich field for reform. Once it is seen that such headlines as "Clash over Jordan Waters" and "Gaza Border Incident" can safely be left to the invention of the

papers, the Lebanon Chamber of Deputies can sit back and relax, and Israelis bored with machine-gunning the same old Egyptian outposts can pack it in and go back to their wives and families. Colonel Nasser and his speech-writers could retire and till the fields. Moslem officials about to be murdered in Algeria could point out that the act was needless folly, as the papers had already gone to press with much more exciting fictions about 4,000 Paris gendarmes having been flown in and blown up on landing. General Neguib, lazing over the *News Chronicle* in his villa, could read with satisfaction of his week-end coup, restoration to power,



"Oh, and no graves to be dug up while I'm out . . ."

overthrow and, if necessary, execution. There would have been no need to leave his chair.

As for the speeches, they would undoubtedly be better than ever. Newspaper readers could continue to have their fill of what Huynh Cong said about Ngo Dinh Diem, Chou En-lai about Ho Chi-minh, Ben Gurion about Anthony Eden, and Robert Boothby about the fourteen-day rule; the only danger being that the Fleet Street fabricators, furrowing their brows in their little hot top back rooms, might err on the side of sense and clarity, thus inviting suspicion among readers reared from the cradle on reports of oratorical rubbish. Another difficulty, while difficulties are being admitted, would be to maintain the necessary standard of bizarre invention capable of replacing

the absurdity of old-fashioned reality. It is easy enough to *report* that a body of Kenya subversionists is called "The Kikuyu Musical Society," or that the Syrian Assistant Chief of Staff has been shot dead at a football match—but to draw on the imagination for the provision of comparable material could in time prove a severe strain.

However, where there is no quest there can be no conquest. The thing should be tried, at any rate. For those newspapermen who blazed the trail and ultimately perfected the technique to the point where, single-handed, they had started a world war, won it, hanged the war-criminals and rehabilitated the vanquished nations, all without a real shot being fired, there would be rich rewards of the spirit. In the meantime, a modest start might be made to prevent

a recurrence of the Balmoral barbecue fiasco; then at least the Press would have royalty where it wanted it. A sensible move would be to establish some kind of clearing-house for royal stories, written in advance, which could then be submitted to the Palace with an editorial note from the paper concerned. This would say that *The Times* or *Daily Worker*, whichever it was, proposed to print an account of a midnight swimming party at Windsor, and would Those Concerned care to lend the report some authority by actually staging such a party? In all fairness, a postscript would have to be added, pointing out that the story was going to be used anyway.

A Bit of a Lark

ONCE there was a literary
Ballad-monger, who loved the
means

Provided by contemporary
Magazines.

Listener subscribers need a
Laugh as much as lesser folk;
May not each *Encounter* reader
Meet a joke?

Men who run reviews forget
The taste of the average chap,
But William Plomer with his sense of
humour
Fills the gap.

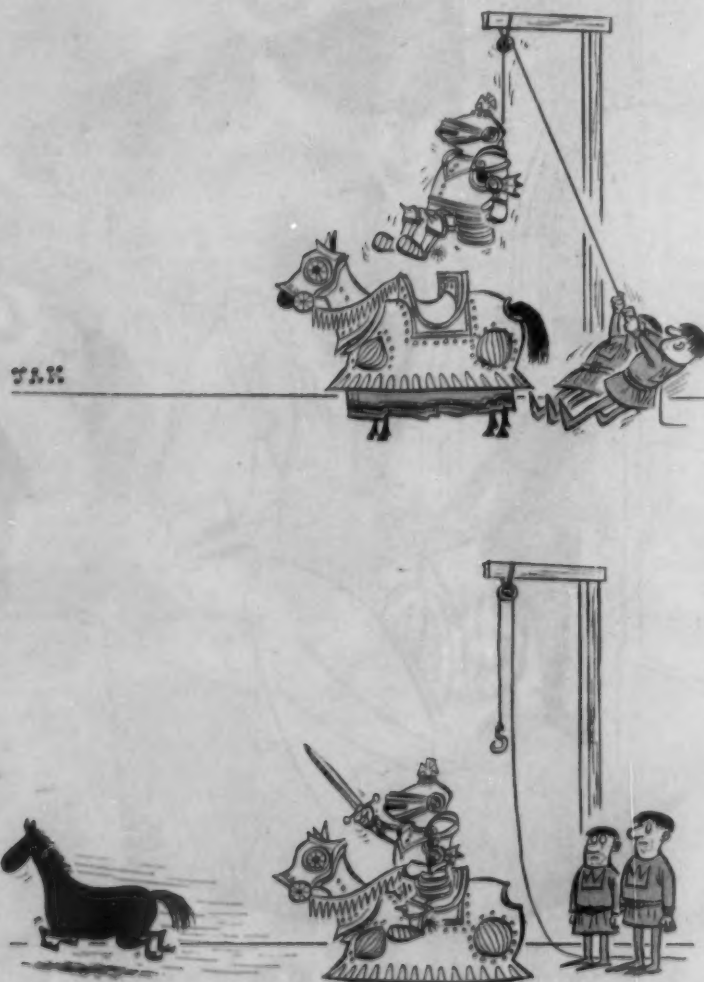
He writes in a metre mildly irregular
With a style which doesn't preclude
The use of a term some people might
affirm
Rather rude.

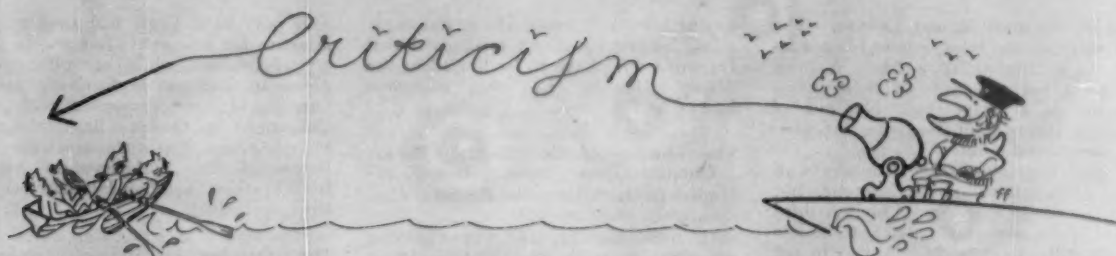
Gaiety deepens gravity,
Comedy aids the tragic muse—
William Shakespeare and Stephen
Spender
Share these views.

Hence for the unsuspecting layman
Periodically lurk
Amid serious articles curious particles
Of his work.

The horizon is hidden; perspectives
Are obscured by an infinite dark;
To lead the dawn chorus he twitters
before us
As a bit of a lark.

ANTHONY BRODE





BOOKING OFFICE

Whiskers and Claws

The Art of Beatrix Potter. With an appreciation by Anne Carroll Moore. Warne, 84/-

THIS volume, one can only assume, is intended primarily for the American market, since Miss Anne Carroll Moore, who writes the introduction, is an American lady who first became enthusiastic about Beatrix Potter in 1903 and set about making her known in the United States. It is the greatest pity that instead of this long, rambling, friendly but quite unilluminating appreciation, someone could not have been found to comment effectively and critically on Beatrix Potter as an illustrator, and also recapitulate some of the salient facts of her life. Miss Margaret Lane wrote an excellent book about her some years ago, so that there is no excuse for merely producing a lot of kindly, woolly, well-meaning sentimentalities, however appreciative, when the only possible point of collecting these drawings together in a book is to show that Beatrix Potter is a figure who deserves serious consideration as an artist.

She was born in 1866, and died in 1943. Her early talent for drawing was clearly exceptional, as may be seen by a flower drawing done at the age of nine and a half. It would be interesting to know if the painting called "Grapes and Peaches," executed at the age of 17, were a copy from a Dutch picture or an original composition. If the latter, it is certainly a remarkable piece of work; but she enjoyed copying Old Masters, and this may have been done from another picture: perhaps of its detail only.

The drawings and watercolours of interiors, landscapes and houses are competent, and sometimes not without charm, though on the whole not specially interesting. Among the fungi something more unusual is revealed; but it is not until the pictures of animals begin to appear that we are suddenly aware that the artist has something absolutely original to say. For example,

the studies of a Bat (1885), and the Weasel and Tortoise, although unconnected with any story, are full of curious individual character.

The care with which Beatrix Potter's work was produced may be seen here



from the two pictures connected with *The Pie and the Patty Pan*; the background of the black Pomeranian, Duchess, receiving the invitation from the cat, Ribby, already being worked out in a previous watercolour without the figure of Duchess. Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle's elastic-sided boots should also be noted in the picture of her hanging up her washing.

In spite of their skill and character, the illustrations from the books cannot be entirely separated from the stories to which they refer. *The Tailor of Gloucester* is in some ways the most remarkable of these tales, although, from the introduction of human beings, perhaps not the most absolutely satisfying.

It is a generalization that can be made of nearly all great books for children that there is always something a shade sinister about them. Cruelty and melancholy, those essential attributes of childhood, are never far from the

surface. Beatrix Potter's books are no exception to this rule.

Her personal preference was perhaps for mice (especially Hunca Munca), and for that reason her cats have about them something rather less than her undivided sympathy. Simpkin is definitely a tyrant; Tom Kitten hopelessly badly behaved; and Ginger only by a supreme act of will able to keep back from devouring the lesser customers of the grocery with their little parcels.

Beatrix Potter's animals inhabit an essentially English world, rather akin to that of Jane Austen; tougher no doubt outwardly, but with a similar sense of reality. The pictures and stories are entirely free from the affectation, say, of Kate Greenaway or Walter Crane. It is a Victorian society, perhaps, but the Victorianism of Surtees rather than of Meredith.

It will be remembered that when Ginger and Pickles gave up their shop the dormice took over "and when Mr. John Dormouse was complained to, he stayed in bed, and would say nothing but 'very snug'; which is not the way to carry on a retail business." Here we have a whole philosophy of life put in a nutshell. There can be no doubt that Beatrix Potter produced classics in her own field.

ANTHONY POWELL

Falling Easily

That Uncertain Feeling. Kingsley Amis. Gollancz, 12/6

Lewis, the hero of this novel, is much like the author's first creation "Lucky Jim." Lewis is acutely self-aware, an experimenter with attitudes whose eye is fixed upon a mental looking-glass; well-intentioned but easily tempted; giving himself to Right in the end but with no assurance he will not fall again. For either book, Mr. Amis might have borrowed Lermontov's title: "A Hero of Our Time."

Lewis's adventures, or misadventures, are much like those of Jim, but Lewis stumbles against the added hazard of being a married man. Tempted into adultery, he puts up the minimum of struggle. For reasons not made clear to the reader, women fling themselves at

him in the most blatant fashion. The last scene of the book, where his seduction is attempted by a Mrs. Watkins within a few moments of their introduction at a party, reads like one of those compensation fantasies invented by sex-starved curates.

That Uncertain Feeling has plenty of Mr. Amis's knock-about humour, but it is less funny than *Lucky Jim*. A third novel of the same sort is liable to be less funny still. Perhaps Mr. Amis can tell us something different next time.

O. M.

Fools of Choice. Peter de Polnay. *Robert Hale*, 12/6

Impecuniosity, to most people, is the unforgivable sin; and the cruel resentment shown by so-called "respectable" members of society to those in financial straits has seldom been so devastatingly exposed—with humour, philosophical detachment, and complete absence of self-pity—as in this account of the author's youthful adventures in search of a means of livelihood on the South American Continent. It is unquestionably his best book since *Boo*: the tragicomic episodes concerning Carmen, the outwardly distasteful night-club hostess, and Pilar, the poor-little-rich-girl, together with the description of his brother's funeral at the end, exemplify his talent for evoking poignant emotion by understatement, while the delightfully off-beat English often conveys an effect of startling accuracy that could not be achieved by one writing in his native language.

J. M.-R.

Apes, Angels and Victorians. William Irvine. *Weidenfeld and Nicolson*, 21/-

This "joint biography" of Darwin and T. H. Huxley is interesting, well-written in the American style, copiously documented, but not really a success as a book. The lives of the immortal innovator and of his clever champion were not sufficiently interwoven for their separate stories to make a single literary unit, however skilled the montage. Mr. Irvine has perforce to treat the two men on a level, and to play up the resemblances and parallels. In fact the differences between them are far more striking and significant.

Darwin was humble, stoical, hypochondriacal, a recluse; Huxley was proud, Puritanical, combative, a showman. Darwin said Huxley's mind "is as quick as a flash of lightning." It was—a lawyer's mind, quite unlike that of a creative genius, which Darwin had. Darwin needed Huxley because he was not polemicist enough to fight for his own ideas in a hostile and often stupid century. Huxley needed Darwin, because he had to be briefed with ideas worth fighting for. The hostile and often stupid century had the measure of them both more shrewdly than their joint biographer. Darwin was seen as being too great for any civil honour; Huxley,

having hinted he would like it, was made a P.C. Even the clergy recognized that Darwin would have to be buried in the Abbey; Huxley had his suburban funeral at Finchley.

M. C.

The History of the English Puppet Theatre. George Speaight. *Harrap*, 25/-
English Dolls, Effigies and Puppets. Alice K. Early. *Batsford*, 25/-

On September 21, 1668, Pepys saw the puppet-show at Southwark Fair: "and how that idle thing do work upon people that see it, and even myself too!" Two centuries later a Victorian journalist, watching the Royal Marionettes perform *Little Red Riding Hood*, was revelling in the same "highly ingenious, thoroughly amusing, and wholly unimpeachable entertainment." From the days of Socrates to the days of the South Bank puppets have worked upon us all. Mr. Speaight's book is at once a source-book and an entertainment and one can only regret that Mrs. Early has not made more of her subject. True, there are pleasant moments, as when Dickens' Jenny Wren explains her method of making portrait dolls: "There was Lady Belinda Whitrose! When she came out of her carriage 'You'll do, my dear!' I said. And I ran straight home and cut her out and basted her."



If only Mrs. Early had shown a like appetite for research! But she is often superficial, and while her photographs please us, her text is decidedly patchy. One could have dispensed with considerations on Queen Elizabeth's character, Queen Victoria's comments on Baroness Lehzen, and lists of doll-makers from Watkins' London Directory (1852-1855, inclusive).

J. R.

The Oracles. Margaret Kennedy. *Macmillan*, 12/6

Obviously the author has suffered recently an overdose of present-day art which in this story of a young couple—struggling through disillusionment to a working agreement not for living happily ever after but for a friendly marriage—has moved her to entangle their affairs with those of a slightly mad very modern sculptor. Swann's admirers, presented with a metal garden chair struck by lightning as his vision of Apollo, are sensibly embarrassed, but few care to say aloud how unlike their idea of a god it is lest they should seem some centuries behind the times.

His three motherless brats and his mistress's unattractive twins—her husband is Swann's oldest and staunchest friend—are the only people really in the know, for they, for their own good reasons, have exchanged "God's Apollo," as someone calls it, for the sculptor's. All lovers of *The Constant Nymph* will delight in these children, so patently her very poor relations, and in a book of which the most omniscient reader could scarcely wish to alter a word.

B. E. S.

Seven Editors. Harold Herd. *Allen and Unwin*, 8/6

It is up to journalists to interest the public in journalism: no one else will. Mr. Herd is a practised worker in this field, and has produced some entertaining stuff here, tirelessly exhumed, about seven virtually unknown oddities of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century literary life. The murder of a *Morning Post* editor, unsolved and unreported, is the most promising and the most disappointing affair, largely an account of the author's unsuccessful efforts to discover anything about it. But the chapter on James Gordon Bennett, who introduced sensationalism as a circulation-booster in America more than a hundred years ago, provides richly astonishing reading.

J. B. B.

The Temptation of Roger Herriott. Edward Newhouse. *Gollancz*, 12/6

This readable and well-written novel about the conflict between principle and the corruptions of wealth in an American family is perplexing. Criticisms of the author's previous book make one expect a modern classic, but one finds instead a competent study of the kind of problems one has often found before in the Marquand-bracket of fiction; it is difficult to sympathize with characters

who dread losing their position in their community and plummeting down through the social system into a University post. Mr. Newhouse has the story-teller's unanalysable gift and also the ability to suggest the existence of an enormous novel from which he has courteously picked out the highlights.

Somehow, the more I have thought about the novel after floating agreeably through it, the more I have found myself wondering whether it is not really far subtler than it looks. Is the author's moral stance ambiguous or is it constantly shifted to test the conclusion previously reached? Is the kind of novel itself part of the material he is using? Is Mr. Newhouse perhaps a kind of American E. M. Forster? R. G. G. P.

The Capri Letters. Mario Soldati.
Hamilton, 12/6

In this emotional melodrama, mainly set in Italy and ably translated by Archibald Colquhoun, the conflict between sacred and profane love is incarnated by an American married couple, both mental and physical masochists who are secretly and obsessively unfaithful with plebeian Latin paramours. The figure of Dorotea, the inscrutable and Junoesque prostitute, seen by Harry as a fascinating symbol of wickedness, but in reality "humble, prosaic, and easy-going," is well-drawn; but the sexual psychology, while at times shrewdly penetrating, is often over-subtle and the parallel between husband and wife over-elaborated, as when Jane uses almost the same words as Harry to express her hatred of his table manners.

An added dimension is obviously aimed at by a dual-narration device of having an Italian film-director re-interpret the motives of the characters, as the principal story is cast in the form of an autobiographical scenario submitted to him; but much nevertheless remains unclarified. J. M.-R.

AT THE PLAY

A Life In The Sun
Julius Caesar
Act of Madness
(EDINBURGH FESTIVAL)

THE exact meaning of THORNTON WILDER's new Festival play, *A Life In The Sun*, has not yet been accurately decoded. In the bars and hopscotch alleys of the capital discussion of its ambiguities goes on hotly, though not quite with the incandescence fanned by *The Cocktail Party*. In all this uncertainty the author himself seems to be included. At a press conference he opened up an almost limitless field of speculation by suggesting that the play's thought was existentialist, and he ended a short essay on it in the Festival programme by admitting that perhaps deeper levels would later become apparent to him. Only those reactionaries who feel that a playwright should know

better than his audience have retired from what appeared to be an unprofitable debate.

It is the third act of *A Life In The Sun* that reminds one of a village telegraph office during a crisis, when messages are being received in a smothering shower. The first two acts are perfectly straightforward, or can be conveniently accepted as such. Mr. WILDER has put together a number of the Alcestis legends. In his first act Apollo comes down to earth, disguised among a group of herdsmen, and blesses the marriage of Alcestis with King Admetus; in the second (very near to Euripides) Alcestis gives her life to save her husband's, and is then rescued from Hell by Hercules. Here the play might have ended with credit, for these stirring incidents are retold with a good deal of dramatic force; but we jump to a third act in the shape of a philosophic epilogue, in which plague rages in Thessaly, the widowed Alcestis has become a raddled slave at the court of the usurping tyrant, and even Apollo shares in the general disquiet about divine intention. It is a short act, but one that seems as long as the slow-motion exit of Alcestis to immortality. Even if Mr. WILDER had written this act with clarity the difficulty would surely have remained that the modern pattern of religious doubt fits awkwardly into the positive framework of Greek belief.

In one sense, however, he has been extremely successful. The play was commissioned for the platform stage of the Assembly Hall, and its action makes the utmost use of it, in a vigorous production by TYRONE GUTHRIE which gives British audiences a further glimpse of the possibilities of theatre in the round.

TANYA MOISEWITSCH has dressed it with imagination; her plague victims, brushing my elbow as they crawled past, were indeed a test of fortitude. At the centre of a cast which has been happily chosen is IRENE WORTH, whose beautiful Alcestis I found, for two acts, very moving. All the difficult acting is hers, and she carries it splendidly; but ROBERT HARDY's graceful Admetus, MADELEINE CHRISTIE's motherly old nurse, MICHAEL DAVID's shining Apollo and PHILIP GUARD's honest herdsmen are all good, and there are three excellent comic performances, by LAURENCE HARDY as a sage watchman, RUPERT DAVIES as a jovial Hercules, and GEOFFREY DUNN as a divine messenger crumbling as if he were a cobwebbed relic from a Gothic wedding cake.

In a different way the Old Vic's *Julius Caesar* is also played on several levels, for most of it takes place on a great central staircase, so that to the other demands of Shakespeare has been added a modicum of acrobatics. Ankles have survived wonderfully, but the effect is uncomfortable and cramped, and at times one cannot help wondering perversely how MICHAEL BENTHALL's production would have gone on an escalator. AUDREY CRUDDAS flanks her stairs with two enormous pillars that almost fill the stage, and backs them with toy models of Roman architecture; much better is the rich tent in which Brutus and Cassius argue the toss.

When it comes to London this production will benefit by the extra space of the Old Vic's stage, but it is scarcely likely to be remembered, except for WENDY HILLER and JOHN NEVILLE, who



Alcestis—IRENE WORTH

King Admetus—ROBERT HARDY

A Life In The Sun
A Herdsman—PHILIP GUARD



Brutus—PAUL ROGERS

Mark Antony—JOHN NEVILLE

alone lend it a distinction fit for a festival. Miss HILLER makes a lovely Portia, whose heartfelt pleading with her husband is all the more poignant for its unaffected simplicity. Behind the slightly insolent elegance of Mr. NEVILLE's Antony lies beyond doubt the quickest brain in Rome; the sincerity of his love for Caesar is no impediment to the ironic detachment with which he savours his expert manipulation of the mob, and his oratory is magnificent. Of the others JACK GWILLIM's Casca and RICHARD WORDSWORTH's Cassius are the most interesting. PAUL ROGERS' Brutus has a trick, too often repeated, of staring anxiously into space, as if pondering an optical delusion—a Brutus not without power, but too little varied. And although GERALD CROSS provides a startling likeness to Caesar he suggests one of the less dominant dauphins rather than a man who has lately conquered the world. But in this play the military genius of Rome is in any case something hard to detect.

A useful regular on the fringe of the Festival, the London Club Theatre Group presents a new play, *Act of Madness*, by JOHN WILES. It takes us to an anonymous police state, and a pair of lovers to the firing squad—idealists double-crossed from the start in a *coup* against the régime. On the facts the *coup* must be futile, and one of the weaknesses of the play is the suggestion that a village uprising in a remote province brings panic to seasoned bosses in the capital. At several points Mr. WILES

should have been more plausible (fingerprints ignored on a disputed pistol, the dressing of his heroine as if for Princes Street), and although he contrives some dramatic moments *Act of Madness* retreads very familiar ground in which the police-spy, the sub-machine gun, the yearning for freedom and the interrogation have all become a kind of cliché. Perhaps for the moment "1984" has said everything. But at least this evening offers a performance by JOHN STRATTON which should give him a gilt-edged visa to the West End. He plays twin brothers, a slick young chief of police and a shambling eccentric student, and in both characters his resource is remarkable. JACK RODNEY faithfully uncovers the tortured conscience of the hero, and GORDON PHILLOTT gives a good sketch of sly senility.

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE OPERA



Falstaff (KING'S, EDINBURGH)

THE score is a miracle on two counts, everybody knows that: first, in its own right—because it sounds as it does; second, because Verdi wrote it when nearing eighty. Also it is the devil to sing and act cohesively.

Look at the complex nonet which ends the first act. Or rather look the other way. In a bar behind a provincial theatre during a B.N.O.C. *Falstaff* years ago, I heard an astute, bloodshot little stage manager describe the nonet thus: "Four men on one side of the stage, four

women on the other and a tenor in between, all got up like spice lions in Elizabethan dress, all so scared they'll miss a beat or drop a stitch that they stare at the conductor with eyes like hatpegs. Hell for the singers, yes. But what about the mutts who have to sit out in front and watch? For them it's murder. They ought to get a rebate at the box office on their way out."

For one reason or another, then, the tendency is to approach *Falstaff* on all fours in reverent panic, swaddle it, cocoon it and pop it into a reliquary. For refusing to take any such line the conductor of this new Glyndebourne production, CARLO MARIO GIULINI, greatly offended a finicky minority of Festival opera-goers while obviously delighting the rest. He had the orchestra going at Verdi's *tutti* like tigers. The orchestra being the Royal Philharmonic on top form, the resulting thunderclaps and clamours were most elating.

And there was more to it than decibels. Before Falstaff launches his *Onore* tirade at Bardolph and Pistol, the orchestra has a loud flourish which usually sounds so much jolly backslapping. GIULINI made a stockwhip out of it that whistled through the air and wealed the cheek. Some of the singing suffered in the din, it is true. The Falstaff, FERNANDO CORENA, has a robust, ready voice, but certain of his notes were swatted like flies. Still, when Verdi wrote double-forte for full brass, he meant it, even in a theatre as small as the King's (a size he preferred for *Falstaff*). In any case, it takes more than a swat here and a swat there to kill as ripe and confident a Falstaff as Mr. CORENA. With his rolling eye, cleft chin and upturned moustachios, Mr. CORENA was made to look as Osbert Lancaster may be expected to look in 1985. It was Mr. Lancaster who designed the dresses (very spruce) and the sets (very spick). When he came on at the finish to make his bow and stood alongside Falstaff, whom he took by the elbow, the scene was touchingly filial. "Windsor Forest this time of night and at your age! Really, father, you surprise me! Hot rum night-cap and off to bed with you!"

The cast which Mr. CORENA heads is uncommonly strong and gifted. When it has shaken down and mellowed in ensemble, its *Falstaff* (abetted by CARL EBERT's sane, sure production) will be a milestone. WALTER MONACHESI (Ford), who began the night with a shifty, hunted look (nerves, clearly), recovered for the Jealousy aria, which found him safe, serene and savage. EUGENIA RATTI puts her chin to her ear and flutters her eyelashes too knowingly for Nanetta, who was a green girl, but her soft top notes and shapely phrasing made up for all that. JUAN ONCINA sings prettily as Fenton, ANNA MARIA ROVERE untidily but richly as Alice. If there were such a thing as a Time Machine for retrospective bets, I would confidently wager there has never been half as true or entertaining a Quickly as ORALIA

DOMINGUEZ, who has cheeks like store apples, eyes that disappear in merriment and contralto tone that is good enough to spread on your bread. CHARLES REID



AT THE PICTURES

Footsteps in the Fog
The Shrike

BOTH this week's films have a blending-library quality; if they were books there would be a constant demand for them in spite of their never having been very enthusiastically reviewed. *Footsteps in the Fog* (Director: ARTHUR LUBIN) is unashamed melodrama, but in a way that exactly suits its period, which, apart from some slightly heavy byplay with a very early Rolls ("It does twelve miles an hour!") is one of the pleasantest things about the film. Plot: Lily, a twenie, finds out that her master has poisoned his wife; she loves him, so blackmails him into making her his housekeeper and mistress; she is very possessive, and as he wants to marry for money (for the second time) most of the story deals with his two attempts to murder her.

STEWART GRANGER and JEAN SIMMONS take the main parts easily and well, overplaying them just enough to suit the demands of the plot. (It could, I think, be argued that the Victorian melodramatists were holding a mirror up to nature, and that the real villains of the time did in fact twirl their moustachios and chuckle devilishly to themselves.) All the minor parts are well done; but the most enjoyable thing for me was the interior of the murderer's house; most of the action takes place there in an atmosphere of unhappiness and danger, and Technicolor is used very efficiently to enhance that feeling and at the same time to make the screen full of attractive moments: budgerigars suddenly brilliant against heavy velvet curtains, and the continual impression that the air inside the house is pale blue. Those were good days for poisoners.

The Shrike (Director: JOSÉ FERRER) is well worth seeing for a very fine performance indeed by FERRER himself. He plays a man, already slightly unstable, who finds himself caught without apparent hope of escape in the psychopathic wards of a large public hospital. While he is on the screen the feeling of his incommunicable loneliness and his certainty that nobody can possibly help him is agonizing, and he conveys with great economy his terrifying adventures in the marches of insanity. The rest of the film is not so interesting. Perhaps psychiatrists are unconvincing in real life, but—illusion being more exacting than actuality—these Kafkaesque interrogators are not really persuasive enough for a film. When the "good" one suggests to FERRER's mate-devouring wife (JUNE ALLYSON) that she herself should consult a psychiatrist and the very next thing

she comes back as integrated as you please and ready to make a happy amending, the effect is as ludicrous as it is disappointing.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There's also *The Man from Laramie*, a clearly post-*Shane* western, rife with landscape with JAMES STEWART intervening, ordinary, that is to say enjoyable if you don't expect too much.

Otherwise *Risifi* (13/7/55) remains the most remarkable film in London.

PETER DICKINSON



IN THE PRESS

August in Manchester

IN August newspapers are understaffed and short of normal news.

Leprechauns are reported, Sefton Delmer meets the ghost of Hitler in the Saar. It is a lean time and one news editor has been known to say "The story I want begins 'To-day the monster came down from the mountains and ate another baby'."

In an angry, hungry period, there was an outbreak of cannibalism. A band of newspapers attacked *The Times* for its business-like leader on newsprint supplies. The *Observer* dealt with both sides in an examination of the case which appeared to be frantically fair. The *Daily Mail*, in the course of a leader on Portuguese Goa, savaged the *Observer* on the following morning.

In all the excitement the *Daily Mirror*'s legitimate complaint against the *Manchester Guardian* was ignored. The *Mirror* had caught the *Guardian* soup-ing-up a pedestrian meeting of scientists with the headline 16,000 BOFFINS OF THE

WORLD UNITE. It was not an isolated incident. Quality newspapers must also find news in August and, for its early editions, the *Guardian* was poaching all month.

Down twenty-nine column inches of her front page, the *Guardian* spilled a piece of reportage which would have been too sensational for a woman's magazine and too naïve for a Sunday paper. The heading was YOUNG PEOPLE'S DRINKS AT BARS OF DANCE HALLS: *Waiters Deceived* by "Teddy" Rigs and Elder Sisters' Wardrobes. The style was early Northcliffe. Accepting the premise in statistics that drunkenness among the young is on the increase, a reporter seized upon licensed dance halls and arrived at some remarkable conclusions, liberally spaced with observation: *The hall employed at least four "chuckers out" —as the men in trilbies were called... It is difficult to get into conversation with these youngsters—anyone over the age of twenty-one is shut out by a barrier more impenetrable than the Iron Curtain...*

A page 2 leading story headed SKIP-TON HEARS THE CALL OF THE OPEN CANAL proved to be a report on the summer rally of the North-eastern branch of the Inland Waterways Association. Equal space was given to a threat to Gaelic culture, the discovery of coal stores under the stairs of 112 council houses in Workington and an account of seven Bridlington children chased by bees. Spicy court stories covered more than thirty column inches in one issue.

Despite the August troubles of the *Guardian*, striving so hard to be a great-hearted national and a broad-minded local paper at the same time, its ever widening circle of southern readers continued to praise it. This was a grave reflection on *The Times*.

MARSHALL PUGH



Stephen Lowry—STEWART GRANGER

Lily Watkin—JEAN SIMMONS



ON THE AIR

Quick on the Ball

"BECAUSE it's there" fails utterly to satisfy me as the reason why anyone should go to the trouble of climbing a Himalaya but it is a reason which, I imagine, Dr. Charles Evans would give without hesitation. The programme in which he described the ascent of Kangchenjunga, the third highest mountain in the world, opened with magnificent shots of an avalanche of snow and promised an excitement which failed to materialise. Dr. Evans and Sir John Hunt carried the programme along but refused to dramatise the expedition in any way. The chatty film commentary they provided between them was not the most effective way to describe the expedition nor the best way to recognise its success, even though it suited the temperament of the climbers. David Attenborough, the producer, did well to persuade them to appear at all. I suppose he did it because television is there, and that, in spite of the almost painful understatement, seems to me a perfectly satisfactory justification for a programme which brought us a little closer to the private world of men who climb mountains because "they like it."

Professor Joseph Rotblat, who is reporting in three weekly programmes on his visit to the Geneva conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy, seemed to have no academic or other inhibitions about the success of the conference. In the first report he was enthusiastically in favour of atoms for peace although, like others, he had feared earlier that the conference might have been used as an opportunity for exercises in international political propaganda. He



DR. CHARLES EVANS

SIR JOHN HUNT

found and reported plenty of evidence that there had been a remarkably full exchange of knowledge. Science and secrecy, he said, do not go well together and the scientists he met were agreeably surprised that the sixty sessions and four hundred and seventy papers read at Geneva "declassified" an unprecedented amount of atomic information. His filmed interviews with British, American, Indian and Egyptian delegates in Geneva and his analysis from the studio constituted a succinct evaluation of the scale and importance of the conference. These reports owe much to the film editor and cameraman, Leonard Trumm and Arthur Englander, whose handling of film last winter was the basis of one of television's better attempts at a regular series of political current affairs programmes.

It is a measure of the sense of urgency which now pervades the Talks Department at Lime Grove that the programmes on Kangchenjunga and Geneva were both highly topical although they were pro-

duced by men not accustomed to the pressure of current affairs. The film which made up a large part of David Attenborough's programme was edited in twenty-four hours from a mass of uncut material and James McCloy managed to put out the first of the Geneva programmes within three days of the end of the conference. The results should please both producers even if they normally deserve (and would, no doubt, themselves prefer) time for the considered statement rather than the hurried but topical summary.

Symphony concerts on television are still regarded by purists as almost a contradiction in terms. People, they say, who want to hear music either listen undisturbed to the radio or go to concert halls where they can see what they choose to see. They do not want the distractions of cameras in the control of producers who fuss about their pictures when all that matters is the sound. Music is, in fact, now being treated with rather more respect on television. Shots are used as punctuation marks in the score of the music and it is only very rarely that producers like Anthony Craxton and Philip Bate give picture and composition precedence over the music itself. In their treatment of the Promenade Concerts and the Edinburgh Festival their musical taste and discrimination have triumphed over technical complications which would have disconcerted less sensitive producers.

Anthony Craxton also deserves credit for his coverage of the Test Matches. He and Brian Johnston, the commentator, have established a rapport which nearly always allows for the pertinent comment at the right moment over the appropriate picture.

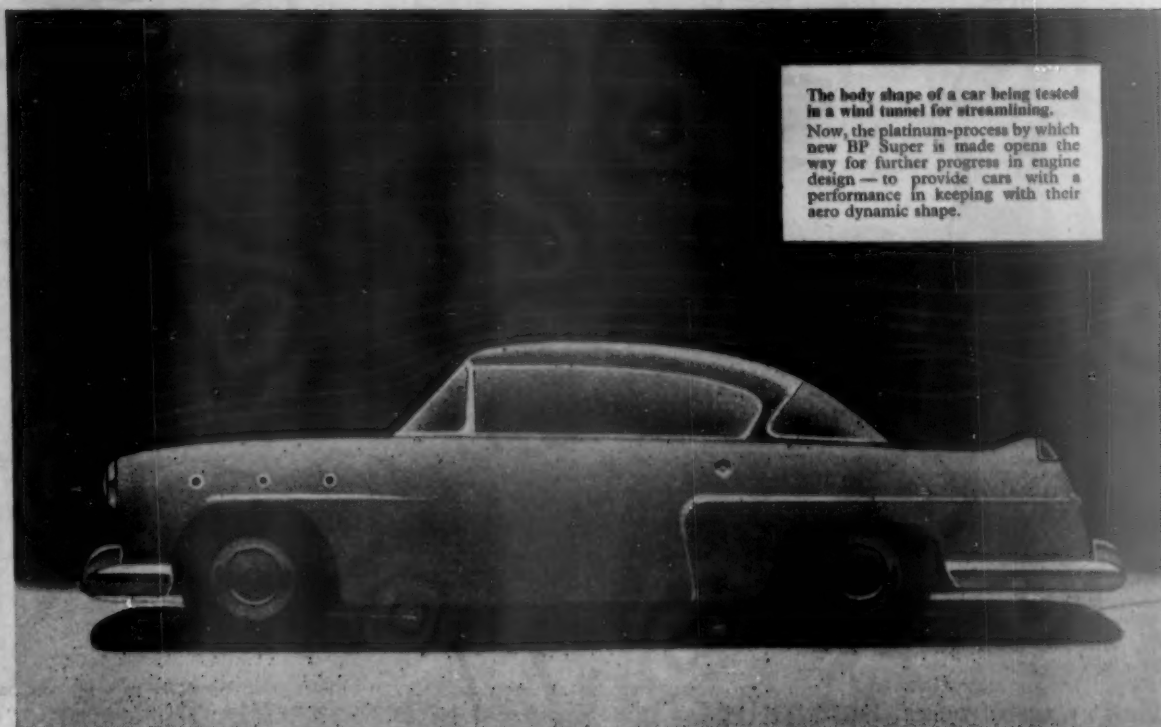
JAMES BREDIN



NOTICE.—Contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests from contributors for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage at this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 10c; elsewhere Overseas 2s. 1 Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" (Printed Papers—Reduced Rate).

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30/-; Overseas 36/6 (U.S.A., \$5.25); Canada 34/- or \$5.00.



New BP Super

gives more energy per gallon

The petrol of tomorrow — for cars of today

THE NEW BP Super is platinum-processed. It is produced by passing spirit through a *catalyst impregnated with pure platinum. This has the effect of re-forming the petroleum molecules so that the petrol burns more smoothly, gives greater freedom from engine-knock — and has more energy per gallon. No wonder the platinum-process, known as 'platforming', has been called the biggest advance in refining technique since the introduction of catalytic cracking.

Platinum-processed petrol

Because it is platinum-processed, new BP Super will suit higher-than-ever compression ratios. But it peps up performance in all cars, here and now. It doesn't matter what make and year of car you run, you will find your engine pulling better from the very first fill. Just see what you get

from new BP Super:—

More energy per gallon • Smoother, swifter acceleration • Greater freedom from engine-knock • More miles per gallon • Less engine deposits • Longer engine life.

In other words, new BP Super not only gives your car more 'zip', more 'go' — it also keeps it running longer before needing overhaul.

See how much better YOUR car behaves

These are big claims for a petrol. But they've been proved, in test after test, not only in special engines but out on the road in ordinary production-cars. You can prove them, too, with your own car. Fill up with new BP Super and see how much better your car behaves, under all conditions. On long runs. In town traffic. On steep hills. In every kind of weather.

The final touch to your enjoyment when you drive on new BP Super is the reflection that all this is costing you not a penny extra. Because another great thing about platinum-processed spirit is that it costs no more than ordinary premium-grade petrol produced by less advanced methods.

* A catalyst is an agent which assists in producing a chemical change in other substances without being changed itself.

Give your car

MORE ENERGY PER GALLON!

THE BP SHIELD IS THE TRADE-MARK OF THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED





COOKING WHILE YOU'RE SHOPPING

THE 64-PLUS SWITCHES ON AND OFF BY ITSELF!

The wonderful Belling Auto-Timer, fitted to the 64-PLUS electric cooker, switches the oven on and off whenever you choose. You set the Timer to the precise moment when you want the cooking to start and finish—and you can then leave it all to the 64-PLUS while you go out shopping, go to work, have a nap, or enjoy your party. There's no limit to the saving of time, labour and worry that this cooker will bring you.

Other features include a built-in Reminder-Timer (which rings when the meal is ready), an independent 4-hour timer, floodlit hob, electric kettle socket, super-size floodlit oven, thermostatic oven control, Simmerstats on the 2 boiling plates and grill-boiler, and the Belling full-size inner glass door—all for £65. 10s. od. Available on wheels for easy cleaning 60/- extra. 64-AB without Auto-Timer etc., costs £52. 10s. od.

FREE! Write to Belling & Co. Limited, Enfield, Middlesex for leaflets and 64-page catalogue of all Belling electric fires and cookers.

**ATTRACTIVE H.P. TERMS AVAILABLE
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY FROM YOUR
ELECTRICAL SHOP OR SHOWROOM**

"Belling"
64-PLUS



LIVE IT AGAIN ...

those first faltering steps

Nothing records your family's red letter days like a Bolex C.8. cine camera. And making personal home movies with the Bolex C.8. is a far from expensive hobby. You can take 24 or more good length action shots for under £1 and this includes cost of processing.

Everyone can use the Bolex C.8. too, because filming with this remarkable pocket size cine camera is actually easier than taking ordinary still snapshots.

Ask about the Bolex C.8. at a good photographic shop. They'll tell you Bolex is the finest name in cine cameras, a product of Swiss watchmaker craftsmanship.

you get it ALL
with a

BOLEX C8

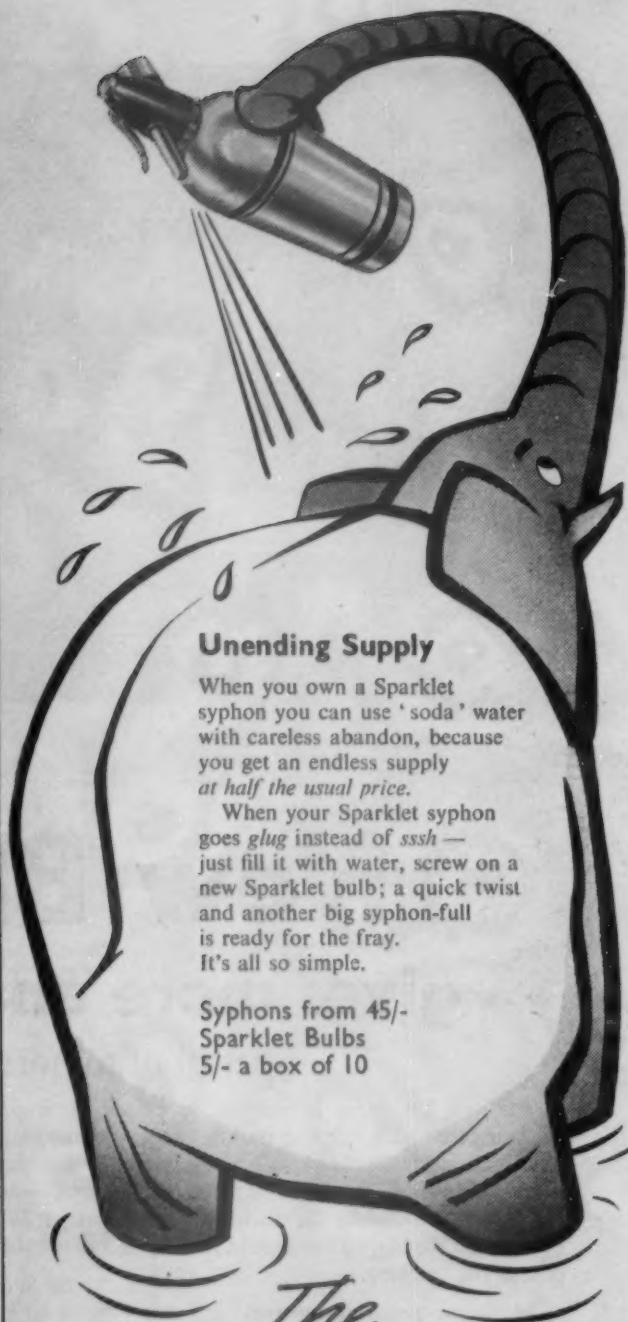
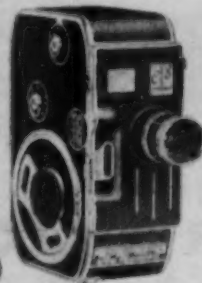
Swiss precision cine camera

SEND FOR DETAILS

CINEX LTD., 9-10 NORTH AUDLEY STREET,
LONDON, W.1

Name

Address



Unending Supply

When you own a Sparklet syphon you can use 'soda' water with careless abandon, because you get an endless supply at half the usual price.

When your Sparklet syphon goes *glug* instead of *ssh* — just fill it with water, screw on a new Sparklet bulb; a quick twist and another big syphon-full is ready for the fray. It's all so simple.

Syphons from 45/-
Sparklet Bulbs
5/- a box of 10

The
SPARKLET
syphon
YOU REFILL IT

From chemists and stores

SPARKLETS LTD., QUEEN STREET, LONDON, N.17

Punch, August 31 1933

"Precious! . . ." "Yes, darling . . ."

"If I do the salad, will you pop my white shirt for your
Mother's party in the 'Servis' . . .?"

"No darling, I'll do the salad, and the
'Servis' will do the shirt, while you have a beer . . .!"



Life is what you make it . . .

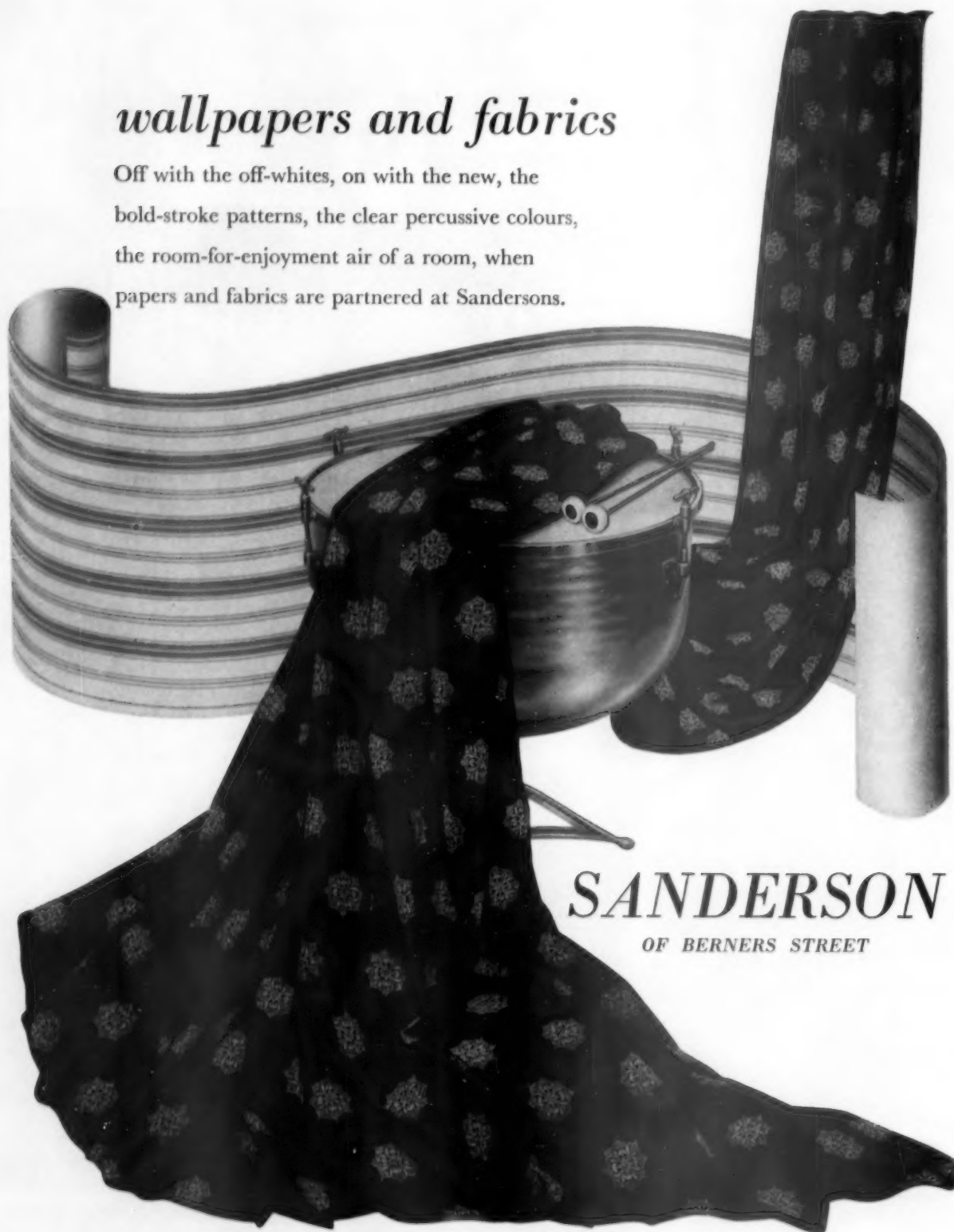
MAKE IT EASY with a



Electric Washer

wallpapers and fabrics

Off with the off-whites, on with the new, the bold-stroke patterns, the clear percussive colours, the room-for-enjoyment air of a room, when papers and fabrics are partnered at Sandersons.



SANDERSON
OF BERNERS STREET

Showrooms: 52-53 Berners Street, London, W.1, and at Leeds, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Exeter, Southampton and Birmingham.

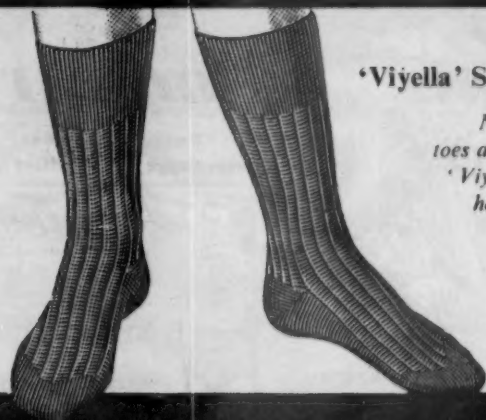
YOUR DECORATOR CAN SHOW YOU THE SANDERSON WALLPAPER BOOK. SANDERSON FABRICS CAN BE SEEN AT LEADING FURNISHERS.

'Viyella'
Longsox 7/9

Self-supporting.
Nylon-spliced
at toes and heels.
Knee-length for
extra 'Viyella'
comfort.



'Viyella'
NYLON SPLICED



'Viyella' Sox 6/9

Nylon for
toes and heels.
'Viyella' for
health and
comfort.

takes care

'Viyella' Gamesox 5/9

Ankle-length.
Self-supporting.
Refreshingly cool
in the hottest
of weather.



of your feet

IF IT SHRINKS



WE REPLACE



By Appointment To Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
WINE MERCHANTS

The connoisseur favours
HARVEYS of Bristol

THE WINE MERCHANTS WITH OVER 150 YEARS' EXPERIENCE



"Bright to the Last Drop"

Their Sherries, Ports and Table Wines are all characterised by unfailing high quality. Harvey's Retail List, available for the asking, offers 450 varieties of Wines and Spirits and your selection can be guided by experts who visit the Wine growing countries every year.

JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD., 12 DENMARK ST., BRISTOL, 1
Founded 1796 Bristol 2-7661
LONDON OFFICE: 40, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1.
TRAFALGAR 4436

Take it easy!

Feel relaxed! Keep your head still!
Swing slowly back! Follow straight
through! Use a Fordham!



Patent Nos
642270 & 707183

The Plus
Fordham
Caddy

is still the handiest and the best balanced
caddy obtainable.
Moreover it folds into the smallest space
in the shortest time.

£6 - 10 - 0 inclusive with white
hollow cushion tyres
£6 - 0 - 0 inclusive with black
hollow cushion tyres



Is available from all Pros.
and Sports Dealers.

FORDHAM PRESSINGS LTD. Dudley Road, Wolverhampton
Telephone: 23861

HARD WORK

for the sake of

PRODUCTION....

... in Industry too... but it is the careful planning of the efficient use of every second of each working hour which increases productivity. "Work-Study" as a method can achieve significant results by giving greater output, rewarding increased effort by linking earnings more directly with individual effort—thus fostering better labour relations.

PRESTONS SPECIALISED STOP-WATCH SERVICE

helps "Work-Study" Specialists by supplying top-grade, Swiss-made, precision instruments, backed by a most efficient repair service.



SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST

"Swiss Timers in Industry...."

SHOWING OUR COMPLETE RANGE.

IMMEDIATE REPAIR SERVICE IS AVAILABLE

PRESTONS LTD.

STOP WATCH DEPT.

1 BANK STREET, BOLTON.

TELEPHONE 876 (1 line)



More than a matter of Interest!

3 1/2% TAX PAID

Equals over 6% To the Investor

Subject to Tax at 40% in the U.K.

EASY WITHDRAWAL

NO FEE OR CHARGES DAY-TO-DAY INTEREST

NO DEPRECIATION

AMALGAMATED GENERAL BUILDING SOCIETY

Head Office:

36, BRUTON STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Mayfair 1814

Branches:

107, DALE END, BIRMINGHAM, 4.
53, KING STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.



Write for free handbook on Sherry to
RUIZ, 34, Grosvenor Street, W.1.

After Shave Luxury

To feel so well shaved that you could take a salute with confidence—use Imperial Leather After Shave Lotion. Its unassuming perfume will give a great fillip to your well-being. N.B. For electric shaving reverse the process. Use After Shave Lotion before you shave.



Cussons

IMPERIAL LEATHER

After Shave Lotion

FROM ALL GOOD SHOPS

CUSSONS OF 84 BROOK ST, GROSVENOR SQ, W1



Large 3/6

Junior 2/-

RAISE YOUR PIMM'S TO

Andrea Boraggio...



Andrea Boraggio, according to legend (unless our leg-end is being pulled) did, in 1573, discover the cordial herb "borage", so important in the embellishment of Pimm's No. 1 Cup.

Boraggio's death was premature. He expired before the invention of Pimm's. (Circa 1855.) Bad luck, amico!

Where there's a Pimm's there's a party, and if he's a wise party he mixes his Pimm's with fizzy lemonade, adds ice and garnishes with sliced lemon or orange, and cucumber peel if borage isn't handy. One bottle makes lots and lots of this spirited Cup.



PIMM'S No. 1

THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH

POST YOUR FILMS



TO
WILL R. ROSE LTD.
23, BRIDGE STREET ROW,
CHESTER

AND GET "MAGNA PRINTS" (REGD.)

Will R. Rose LTD

Photographic Specialists for over 50 years

ALSO AT 133/134 HIGH ST., OXFORD, AND 25 THE PROMENADE, CHELTENHAM

Craven

for



Civic

Full favoured smoking is the distinction given by Craven Mixture. Sir James Barrie considered* this honour preferable to the freedom of any city.

* In "My Lady Nicotines"

honours

Craven Mixture 4/8 oz.

Craven Empire de luxe Mixture 4/4 oz.

Tuck in that Tummy!

Wear a "CORP-U-LESS" de luxe Vitality Support.

You will be amazed at the IMMEDIATE improvement to your appearance and fitness. It restores the flat waistline, physical alertness and vitality. Makes your clothes fit better. Relieves backache, lumbago and sciatica. Finest elastic fabric. Washable. No buckles or straps.

DETACHABLE POUCH.

Testimonials galore. 25/- recommended. 3 for 48/-.

Post free. C.O.D. ex. State waist (28" to 48"). Money back Guarantee "CORP-U-LESS" (Dept. P.I.).

35-36 Western Road, Brighton, Sussex.

OIL FIRING for your home...

NU-WAY HOME-FIRE OIL BURNER.

for small independent boilers. No stoking, no ash, no dirt. No carrying. Low running costs. Thermostatic control.

NU-WAY HEATING PLANTS LTD. £47.10 (Box 54), DROITWICH, WARS. (PLUS TAX & INSTALLATION)

W. & T. RESTELL

Auctioneers of Wines, Spirits and Cigars

• • • • •

Auctions conducted throughout the year.

Catalogue on request.

UNION COURT, OLD BROAD ST., E.C.2
Telephone: London Wall 7364



Sartorial Security

new self-locking zip
trouser fastener

A SWIFT self-locking zip-fastener ensures masculine peace of mind, since its self-springing lock safeguards against accidental opening. Research produced this new trouser-fly fastener with the absolute security of closure.

SWIFT GUARANTEED ZIP-FASTENERS

The only trouser-fly fastener with this self-locking device



As tailored into
Honorbilt '965
Sports Trousers

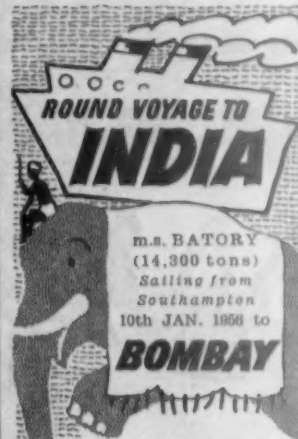
Lucky Kittens—Sea...Fun...Sun... And Kit-E-Kat for Everyone!



If you are going on holiday and someone else is looking after your cat, do make sure your pet gets properly fed. Leave some tins of Kit-E-Kat with them—for Kit-E-Kat is a complete and nourishing food that all cats love every day—and it's so easy, because it's cooked and ready to serve.

KIT-E-KAT

FRESH FISH AND MEAT—COOKED AND READY TO EAT




ROUND VOYAGE TO INDIA

m.s. BATORY
(14,300 tons)
Sailing from
Southampton
10th JAN. 1956 to
BOMBAY

Forty-two days sea and sunshine, with intermediate calls at Gibraltar, Port Said, Aden and Karachi.

FIRST CLASS FARE from £170

Apply local Travel Agent or
STELP & LEIGHTON LTD.
9-13 Fenchurch Buildings, London, E.C.3
Telephone: ROYal 3111
General U.K. Agents:
Polish Ocean Lines




Just what do you look for in Television?

You may answer "All I can judge is the cabinet"—few people understand the costly electronic labyrinth behind that polished facade. Ultimately you must trust the manufacturer's reputation. How wise then to trust The General Electric Company Ltd., whose famous initials G.E.C. are your guarantee of technical thoroughness and reliability. Apart from normal laboratory tests and measurements each new G.E.C. model has been tested on the new commercial wavelengths through the Company's own Band III transmitter. How important with the new wonder of Commercial Television! The G.E.C. set you buy will be unrivalled whatever your choice of programme. You can buy a G.E.C. only from specially selected dealers. Fill in coupon below for details.

post this coupon now—in unsealed envelope or paste on a postcard, 1½d. stamp in either case.

you can't go wrong with

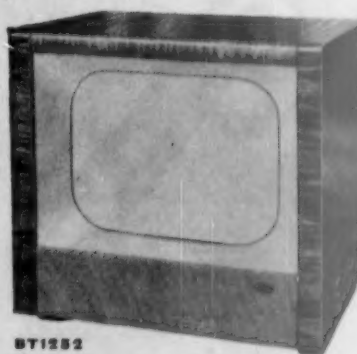


says **EAMONN ANDREWS**

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.
MAGNET HOUSE, KINGSWAY, W.C.2
Please send me your fully descriptive publication BT3015 which describes this set and other models in the range, and the name and address of my nearest G.E.C. approved dealer.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



BT1282

14 inch 65 gns

tax paid, or hire purchase

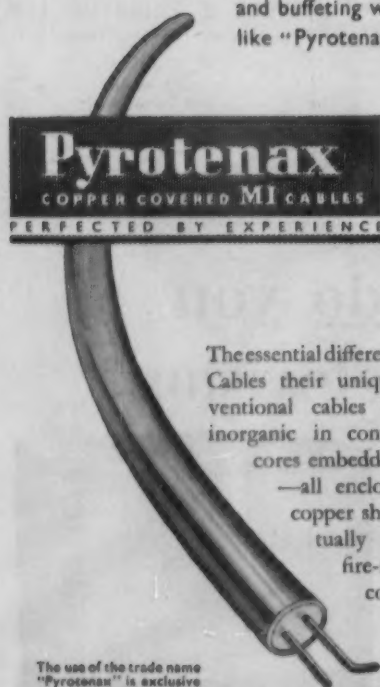
USE BLOCK LETTERS

ES

HIS SKIN "TAKES IT"



Underneath his skin, the rhino is as sensitive as any other living creature: but having a tough hide, he can, when occasion arises, take no end of knocks and buffeting with equanimity—just like "Pyrotanax" M.I.C.C. Cables.



The use of the trade name "Pyrotanax" is exclusive to the products of this Company and its associates.

**withstand
the hardest
ill-usage**

The essential difference that gives "Pyrotanax" Cables their unique advantages over conventional cables is that they are wholly inorganic in construction—ductile copper cores embedded in pure mineral insulant—all enclosed in a seamless ductile copper sheath. Hence, they are virtually indestructible, essentially fire-resistant and unaffected by condensation or corrosion—and, once installed they require no maintenance.

A non-technical description of "Pyrotanax" is given in our booklet "Current Carrying." For the technical man "Technical Data" is available—write for your copy.

PYROTENAX LIMITED

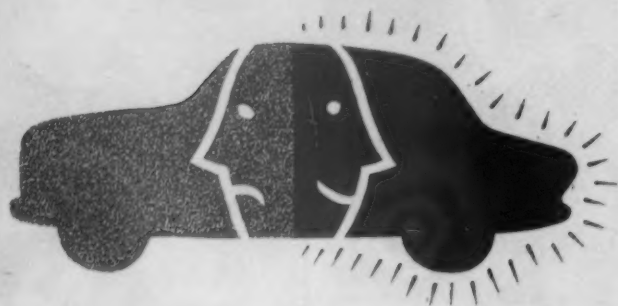
HEBBURN-ON-TYNE

Phone: HEBBURN 32244/7

LONDON Phone: Abbey 1654/5	BIRMINGHAM Phone: Midland 1265	MANCHESTER Phone: Blackfriars 6946	LEEDS Phone: Leeds 27826	GLASGOW Phone: Central 2238
----------------------------------	--------------------------------------	--	--------------------------------	-----------------------------------

GD 13

see it dirty—



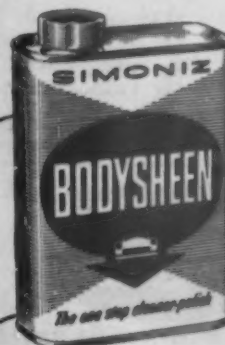
see it clean—

**Speed-polishing
with**

BODYSHEEN

Quick—get a can of Bodysheen, and quick—you've got a gleaming car! Bodysheen is the quickest cleaner-polish, there's nothing faster! No need to wash your car.* Just wipe on Bodysheen—let it dry—wipe it off. Bodysheen has its own built-in emulsion cleaner, it cleans and polishes in one operation. It cleans better than washing. *Bodysheen is the one-step polish that gives the quickest, brightest shine.* Bodysheen is quick! Bodysheen is good! Bodysheen actually *protects* the surface of your car. A big 16 oz. tin costs only 5/-, so get Bodysheen today.

** Only where there's hard gritty grime and mud need you wash down with clean water first.*



*cleans and polishes
FAST*



Simoniz (England) Limited



for **PICNICS**
SUMMERY
SANDWICHES and
DAINTY SNACKS

IT'S DELICIOUS



ANY TIME IS THE RIGHT TIME FOR
MACVITA
BRITAIN'S FINEST CRISP BREAD

MCVITTIE & PRICE LTD., MAKERS OF THE WORLD FAMOUS DIGESTIVE (SWEET MEAL) BISCUITS
EDINBURGH • LONDON • MANCHESTER

A new gin for that extra special occasion

BURROUGH'S

Extra Dry



Here is a gin that is as different from an ordinary gin as Champagne is from an ordinary sparkling wine. Try it neat and see. Roll it round your tongue and savour its fine flavour, its velvet mellowness. Or try it in your favourite cocktail.

You pay a little more for this De Luxe gin, but you get immeasurably greater pleasure. Ask your Wine Merchant. Price - 34/9 a bottle.



DISTILLERS OF DISTINCTION SINCE 1820

Midst African swamps



Barneys
The ideal tobacco

"As a doctor in remote parts of the swampy forest, I seldom see civilised comforts. What a pleasure it was when a travelling trader brought me a tin of **BARNEYS**. It was beautifully fresh, which is miraculous in this climate where rot pervades everything from books and clothes to body and brain."

This letter can be seen at
11, Bedford Sq., London.

This famous tobacco is also available in two other strengths. The full strength variety is known as Punchbowl. Whilst in the mild form it is called Parson's Pleasure. Each of the three strengths is priced at 4/7½ the ounce.

And

IT'S MADE BY **JOHN SINCLAIR LTD.**



His crowded day depends on **LOCKHEED**

Regd. Trade Mark

In the span of a single working day the modern service chief has to keep many appointments in many different places. His value to the nation depends, in large measure, upon the high performance of his car and the complete reliability of its brakes.

The World's Safest Brakes

AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS COMPANY LTD., LEAMINGTON SPA